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THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE RIVIERA: HER MAJESTY WELCOMED ON FRENCH SOIL BY PRESIDENT FAURE.

From a Sketch by M. Moulignie.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE RIVIERA.

In the brightest of spring weather the Queen left Windsor on March 10 for her sojourn in the Riviera, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and her two sons, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. The royal train reached Portsmouth Dockyard shortly before noon, and was there met by Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, and his staff, who escorted her Majesty on board the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*. As the Queen passed on to the yacht all the ships in the harbour manned, and the band of the *Northampton* played the National Anthem. The yacht then passed slowly out to sea, escorted by the Trinity House yacht *Irene*, the *Osborne*, the *Australia*, and the *Galatea*. After a very smooth passage, the royal yacht reached Cherbourg at 6.30 p.m., and was met by the British Consul, Mr. Gurney. The Queen spent the night on board the yacht, but before her departure by special train the next morning, her Majesty received the Maritime Prefect, and was presented by the British Consul with an address of congratulation on her approaching Diamond Jubilee signed by British residents in Manche, Ile-et-Vilaine, and Sarthe, who have at the same time contributed to a charitable fund for the benefit of the Queen's poorer subjects in the district.

The journey from Cherbourg to the station of Noisy-le-Sec, a suburb of Paris, was uneventfully accomplished, the Queen travelling incognito as "Madame la Comtesse de Balmoral." By her Majesty's desire, the halt at Noisy-le-Sec for her interview with President Faure was equally private in its character, and beyond the fact that the station and its approaches had been cleared by the police and the platform covered with carpet, there was no hint of any royal ceremony in the scene. The President arrived by train a few minutes before his august visitor, accompanied by Sir Edmund Monson, British Ambassador in Paris. On the arrival of the Queen's train the Ambassador was first ushered by her Majesty's attendants into the royal saloon, and then gave place to M. Faure, who kissed the Queen's hand and took a seat at her invitation. After some minutes of animated conversation the Queen called to Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, who were in the adjoining saloon, and presented the President to them, and the President himself subsequently presented five members of his military suite to her Majesty. Before he took his leave M. Faure, at the Queen's request, wrote his name in her autograph-book, and after he had left the saloon the Queen held a brief conversation with Sir Edmund Monson, and as the train passed from the station her Majesty bowed repeatedly from the window of the saloon to M. Faure and to the handful of people gathered on the platform. The whole affair occupied but half an hour, and was extremely simple in its ceremonial, yet it was not without a certain picturesqueness lent by the gathering twilight and the bright dress of the Queen's attendants—the Munshi's green and gold turban, the Stuart plaids of the Highland servants, and the scarlet liveries of the royal footmen—mingled with the rich uniforms of the French President's military suite. After brief halts at Marseilles and Toulon, where the Queen was saluted by the British Consuls and the Sub-Prefects of the towns, Nice was duly reached on Friday afternoon. A number of English people had assembled at the station to greet their Queen, who was met by the Mayor of Nice and the Prefect of the Alpes Maritimes, with Sir James Harris, the British Consul, and Lady Harris; and by her son the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and Prince George of Leuchtenberg. General Gebhaut, the Governor of Nice, was presented to the Queen by the Consul, and her Majesty then entered her carriage and drove to Cimiez, Colonels Mertien and Conchy riding beside the carriage. The route was lined by Chasseurs, and some alarm was caused by the sudden plunging of one of the horses, which threw its rider and reared wildly close to the Queen's carriage. An accident was happily avoided, however, by the promptitude with which the driver drew the landau on one side.

At the Excelsior Regina Hotel at Cimiez the Queen was awaited by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg. On Saturday the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha took luncheon with her Majesty, who has since received the King and Queen of Saxony, and several other royal visitors. The Queen's health, it is satisfactory to know, is already the better for the fine air of Cimiez.

## THE BENIN EXPEDITION.

The Queen's gracious message to Admiral Rawson on the success of the Benin Expedition has much gratified all those under his command, "brave men," as she says, "who must have gone through such a trying time," with the climate, the privations, and the horrors they witnessed. She inquires anxiously for the wounded, and grieves for the loss of life. The Admiral replied on March 1 by telegraph from Brass, on the sea-coast, where he had returned with the Naval Brigade to rejoin the ships of his squadron. The Niger Coast Protectorate force

of Houssa troops remained at Benin. There was Consul-General Moor awaiting offers of submission from the fugitive negro King, who has evidently no further means of carrying on the war. He fled when Benin was captured, and sent a deputation of seven chiefs to the Consul-General to arrange a "palaver" with reference to the compensation to be made for the massacre of the late Consul-General Phillips and the seven other Englishmen who were slaughtered in January last. The King's personal surrender will be demanded, but his hiding-place has not yet been discovered. Full accounts and details of the fighting on Feb. 18 have not yet been officially published. The Naval Brigade have lost eleven men killed or dying of fever or sunstroke; three or four officers and forty-eight men have been wounded; seventy-seven, in the fleet at Brass River, are still more or less ill with fever. Of the mortality among the Niger Coast Protectorate's force we have no report. An attempt was made on March 6 by Consul-General Moor, with his assistants, Mr. Turner and Mr. Roupell, and with sixty Houssas under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, and Captains Searle and Carter, to find the fugitive King at Egba, two days' march from Benin. He had got away further into the bush, where it would be very difficult to follow him. Mr. Turner has been appointed by the Consul-General to be Resident at Benin and official agent of the Niger Coast Protectorate, with a garrison of Houssas, for whom a fort is being constructed. The horrid and disgusting relics of the wholesale human sacrifices lately practised in the town have been cleared away; the remains of three hundred victims, which had lain exposed above ground during several months after they were put to death, were buried on the first day after Benin was captured by the British expedition. The bodies of our countrymen murdered on the forest road between Ogbini and Benin were reverently interred on the spot, two or three weeks ago, by the care of Captain Gallwey, in command of a detachment of troops sent down from Benin to Gwato. We have received from Mr. A. M. Gibson, purser of the steamer *Volta*, which brought Mr. Locke home, the photographs that supply our Benin Illustrations this week: one represents the war-canoe of a chief named Dore, who seems to have been in authority over that portion of the King's army employed in the attack on Mr. Phillips' party; the other shows the scene at Sapele when there was a grand assembly of the Benin chiefs, each with his own standard-bearer and attendants, before the hostilities begun.

## THE EASTERN CRISIS.

Any doubt as to the cohesiveness of the European Concert for the practical coercion of Greece has been removed by the Ministerial statements in the French Chamber. France was understood to be hanging back, but M. Méline and M. Hanotaux have frankly explained that while all the sympathies of France are with Greece, all her interests are with the maintenance of the European League. The chief object of this League is to prevent war by keeping the Ottoman Empire together. The annexation of Crete by Greece would be a breach in that Empire, and, therefore, cannot be permitted. So anxious are the Powers to reform the Turkish system that Crete is to have "autonomy." M. Méline admitted that the reforming zeal of the Powers had produced no results in Armenia; but he explained this on the singular ground that with regard to Armenia the Concert was only a paper figment. With regard to Crete, it is a solid reality. This remarkable distinction is not likely to relieve the public mind, for all through the Armenian crisis we were assured every day that only the Concert could save Europe from the horrors of a general war. To-day we have the same assurance, with the additional proviso that this time the Concert is real, whereas it was formerly a sham! Unfortunately, there is nothing in M. Méline's statement, despite its amazing frankness, to convince the world that the Concert is in a position to pacify Crete with its plan of "autonomy." The foreign newspaper correspondents at Canea are practically unanimous in their scepticism. The representative of the *Standard*, who has an intimate knowledge of the island, declares emphatically that "autonomy" is a foredoomed failure. Diplomats, if they have condescended to consider Cretan opinion at all, have evidently not calculated the effect of a "pacification" which began with a European bombardment. The first proclamation of "autonomy" was made by the shells of the allied warships. Since then the Admirals have not distinguished themselves by tact and discretion in their dealings with the insurgent chiefs. Either their instructions are so conflicting that the new and real Concert will not permit them to do anything, or their capacity for disarming the suspicions of the Christian natives is quite ineffectual. After an inexplicable interval, they are now proclaiming the beauties of "autonomy" to the islanders, though what the new method of government means in detail they are not in a position to say. This rather important point is still reserved by the Powers for future discussion. The statement that the Greek Admiral had deliberately suppressed the message with which the allied Admirals entrusted him for transmission to the insurgent leaders is vigorously denied by Admiral Reineck. It was apparently based on information obtained by the Admirals in an interview with some of the local chiefs; but as the

squadrons do not seem to be overflowing with competent interpreters, it is easy to see how a misunderstanding might arise. The only representative of the Powers in Crete who has earned any distinction is the British Consul, Sir A. Biliotti, himself a Greek, whose rescue of the Turkish garrison of Kandamos was a notable exploit. As for Greece, she shows not the smallest sign of yielding to superior force. Her ships have been withdrawn, but her troops are still in Crete, and there they are likely to remain in spite of the blockade of her ports. The Powers have conceived the brilliant idea of reinforcing their contingents in the island by about 600 men a-piece, though competent observers on the spot declare that to establish the joys of "autonomy" may need a whole army corps. Of course, if the Powers can persuade the Christian Cretans that the island is to be free despite the presence of Turkish troops in all the ports, and if the majority should prefer this kind of freedom to union with Greece, the position of Colonel Vassos will be rendered untenable. This is at present problematical. In any case, the coercion of Greece is a perfectly distinct issue. It is believed that Bulgaria and Serbia have been bribed by Russia to abstain from making common cause with Greece; and it is hoped at Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Vienna that this will prevent a rising in Macedonia. But Greece continues to mass her troops on the frontier.

## PARLIAMENT.

The latest development of the Greek crisis has not yet been formally discussed in either House, though Ministers are bombarded with questions daily. Lord Salisbury made the somewhat unusual remark that his views of the situation would be found in the speeches of M. Méline and M. Hanotaux in the French Chamber; whereupon Lord Kimberley tartly observed that he would prefer to hear the policy of her Majesty's Government explained by her Majesty's Ministers. It is understood that the Opposition leaders will raise the whole question, probably on an Address to the Crown, at an early date, and that Mr. Balfour is quite ready to give them the opportunity. The progress of the Education Bill has not been rapid. Mr. Balfour obtained the suspension of the twelve o'clock rule, and has used the closure with determination. The complaint of the Opposition is that the Government have determined to prevent the amendment of the Bill even in the smallest particular, so as to avoid debate on the Report stage. Mr. Balfour has refused any control whatever over the diocesan associations which are to work the Act. The parents are to have no representation, and both teachers and taxpayers are excluded. No scheme for the association of schools is even to be laid before Parliament. It is impossible to say by whom the large grant of public money will be administered, for on this and other details the Bill is extremely vague. Mr. Balfour, however, is resolved to carry it as it stands through the House of Commons, and it is doubtful whether any amendments will be permitted even in the Lords. The comedy of Sir John Gorst's uniform abstention from the debates is accentuated by the fact that Sir John, if he remains in office, will have a pretty free hand in the administration of an Act which does not represent the convictions of the present Minister for Education.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

Our readers will observe with a regret as keen as our own the absence of Mr. James Payn's "Note Book" from our columns this week. But they will be relieved to learn that the indisposition which has caused this gap is only temporary, and that Mr. Payn will resume in next week's number those chronicles and reflections which have given so much pleasure and profit to a multitude of readers all over the world. We cannot forbear to quote a touching proof of the widespread affection inspired by one of the most accomplished and one of the most lovable of English writers. An American reader of this Journal, a lady at Baltimore, imagining for a moment that Mr. Payn's "Note Book" was not in our issue of Feb. 27, felt so strongly that sense of personal loss which is, unhappily, too real to our readers this week, that she wrote to Mr. Payn in these terms: "I am now obeying an impulse which I have often felt before, to write and tell you what great pleasure you give me every week in the year. I know and love your country so well that I regret the 'late unpleasantness' in 1776, and my idea of heaven is to be an English soldier or a wicked duke in London, and I read everything in *The Illustrated London News*, including the 'Wills and Bequests,' because it is English! And your names, which are pronounced as they are not spelled, are music to my ear. But fearing that you may not realise what a sensible person I am, I must close by telling you that I have never written to an author before, and that I am emboldened to do so now by the charming New Year's greeting you sent to your readers. I hope you are not really confined to your room, as you hinted in one of your papers." That is an experience which Mr. Payn knows only too well; but we are glad to assure the legion of his friends, and more especially his correspondent at Baltimore, whom he has made so devoted an admirer of this country, that his recovery is almost complete, and that his pen is still at the service of kindly humour and goodwill wherever the English language is read.



## PERSONAL.

The death of Professor Drummond, at the age of forty-six, not only removes one of the most notable figures in the Free Church of Scotland, but deprives a far larger world of a leader of thought in the sphere of "scientific religionism." Professor Drummond's earnestness and eloquence have given him a unique influence on an enormous public, drawn from all Churches and from every phase of undominational thought. Born of a staunch Evangelical family of merchants long resident in Stirling, where his father, Mr. Henry Drummond, printed the "Stirling Tracts," Professor Drummond became in due course a student at Edinburgh University, and subsequently continued his education at Tübingen. Ordained to the Free Church ministry, he undertook the charge of a mission station in Malta, but returned to Scotland at twenty-six to become Science Lecturer at the Free Church College of Glasgow. But he did not abandon his Church labours for his scientific duties, for he undertook the charge of a Mission to Working Men in Glasgow, and started a "Boys' Brigade,"

which to-day numbers its members, in various parts of the world, by the thousand.

Professor Drummond's scientific spirit went naturally hand in hand with the instincts of the traveller and explorer, and after a period of close attention to his lecturing engagements, he went with Sir Archibald

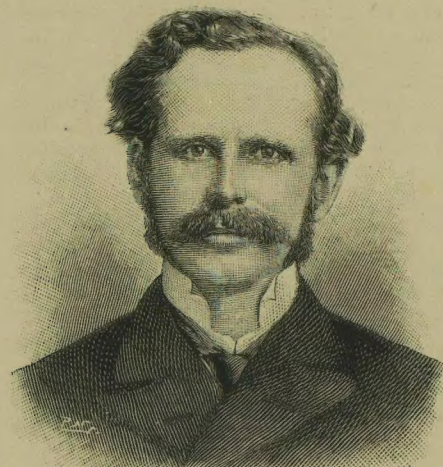


Photo Lafayett, Dublin.  
THE LATE PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND.

Geikie on a geological expedition to the Rocky Mountains. Subsequent travels in South-East Africa led to the publication of his striking book, "Tropical Africa," and later on he visited Australia, the New Hebrides, China and Japan. By the time these later travels were undertaken Professor Drummond had become famous as the author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," which appeared in 1883, and speedily ran through numerous editions. The bulk of Professor Drummond's other work of the same controversial character, "The Ascent of Man," published three years ago, was originally delivered by its author in America in the form of the Lowell Lectures. This volume achieved a popular success second only to that of its predecessor, though provoking more adverse criticism from the scientific. Sundry small books of a devotional character, notably "The Greatest Thing in the World," have also had a very large sale. Professor Drummond had no doubts about his message to his time, and thanks in great measure to the high seriousness of his remarkably winning personality, his labours met with more recognition than falls to most prophets in their lifetime.

By a melancholy coincidence the Free Church of Scotland in general and its College at Glasgow in particular are mourning the almost simultaneous deaths of two of their most important professors and divines. The Rev. James Candlish, who has passed away at the age of sixty-two, has for the last quarter of a century been Professor of Systematic and Pastoral Theology in the Glasgow Free Church

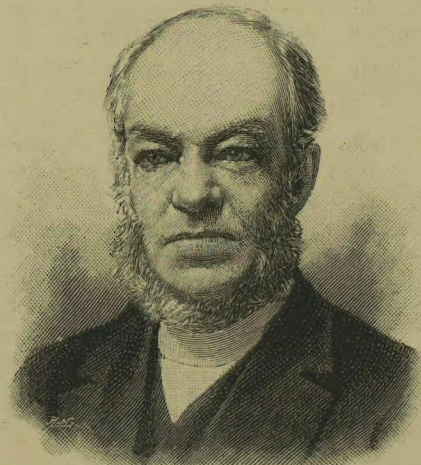


Photo Annan, Glasgow.  
THE LATE PROFESSOR CANDLISH.

College, which delighted to honour the name of the late Henry Drummond as that of its Professor of Science. Dr. Candlish, who was the son of the late Principal Candlish, was educated at the Academy and University of Edinburgh, and was afterwards trained for the ministry at New College and in Germany. After his ordination he for a time assisted Dr. Henderson at St. Enoch's, Glasgow, but some four-and-thirty years ago he was appointed to the Free Church of Logie-Almond, the Drumtochty of Ian Maclaren, whose books contain many a kindly allusion to Dr. Candlish. At the time of his appointment to the theological chair at Glasgow, however, Dr. Candlish had been for the past four years in charge of the East Church, Aberdeen. He was a man of profound scholarship, skilled in a number of ancient languages, and neither past nor present members of the Free Church College will soon lose the influence of his learning.

Queen Ranavalona is banished from Madagascar to Réunion. It has been suggested that the unfortunate lady would be much happier in Paris. This is a point of courtesy which the French Government might reasonably consider. In Paris the deposed Sovereign of the Malagasy could do no harm whatever. She would be under the eye of the Government, and she would amuse herself with the gaieties

of the French capital. When Abdel-Kader was the "guest" of France he ate his heart out; but in the salons of Paris, to say nothing of the shops, the ex-Queen of Madagascar would be perfectly happy.

The name of Colonel Vassos, aide-de-camp to King George of Greece, and Commander-in-Chief of the Greek

forces, whose presence in Crete has lately formed one of the chief features of the Eastern Crisis, has been writ large in the Græco-Cretan news which has lately absorbed public attention. In a situation fraught with peculiar difficulties, Colonel Vassos has won the approval of all who can admire soldierly courage and loyalty. Even those whose sympathies are not with the Greek opposition to the Powers can appreciate the dignity with which Colonel Vassos has maintained that his presence in the island has been commanded by his royal master, and that he cannot abandon his position except at the King's command. He seems, moreover, to have done his best to check riot and looting, and to restrain the impetuosity of the Christians pending the result of the negotiations between his country and the Powers.



COLONEL VASSOS,  
Commander of Greek Troops in Crete.

While the loss of the Bishop of St. Davids is still fresh in the regret of the Church in Wales another notable

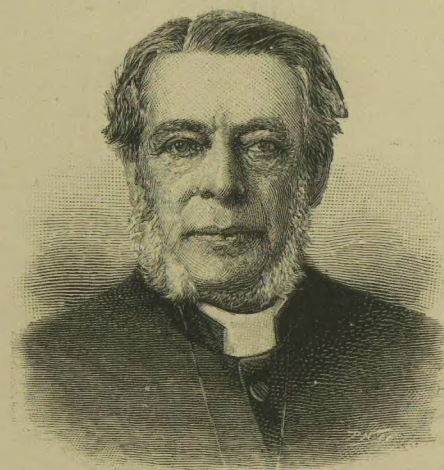


Photo Russell, Baker Street.  
THE LATE VERY REV. EVAN OWEN PHILLIPS, D.D.

Welsh ecclesiastic has passed away in the person of the late Bishop's close friend, the Very Rev. Evan Owen Phillips, Dean of St. Davids. The venerable scholar was born just seventy years ago at Treowen, in Cardiganshire, and after graduating eighteenth Wrangler at Cambridge, where he had won an open scholarship, was elected a Fellow of Corpus Christi College. In 1854, when he had been some four years in holy orders, he was appointed Warden of Llandovery College, and for the next seven years he fulfilled the duties of that post with admirable zeal and discretion. In 1861, however, he left Llandovery in order to become Vicar of Aberystwith, where he spent a useful life in the service of the Church for the next quarter of a century. He was appointed to the deanery of St. Davids two years ago, in succession to Dean Allen.

The Greek Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Scouzes, who has been playing an important part in the negotiations



M. SCOUZES,  
Greek Minister for Foreign Affairs.

between the Greek Government and the Powers in the present Cretan Crisis, is a very popular politician in Athens. As one of the directors of an important bank, and the owner of almost all the valuable vineyard property of Marathon, he is a very rich man. That he is a statesman endowed with considerable tenacity of purpose he has proved by his attitude towards the intervention of the Powers, but in this he is probably influenced by the knowledge, which his Sovereign has frankly confessed, that the popular will is not to be gained in the Greece of to-day. King George has said that he does not wish to be "a King in exile," and his Ministers probably have no desire to retire from office into popular odium. To say thus much, however, is in no way to impugn the genuine patriotism which doubtless prompts the Foreign Minister's action, just as it has prompted that of his gallant countrymen generally.

The news of Mr. Henry Blackburn's sudden death at Bordighera on March 9 was a shock to the very large circle of friends and acquaintances he had gathered round him. *Academy Notes* has become a household word far beyond the limits of the United Kingdom, and the original idea of thus popularising the best art works of the year was wholly due to him. It is a quarter of a century since he first began his series of illustrated catalogues of the pictures at the Royal Academy; and while artists were glad of this opportunity of calling attention to their works, the public had the advantage of often learning the original or leading aim of the artist, for in the majority of instances Mr. Blackburn's illustrations were reproduced from original drawings by the artists themselves. When these were not procurable, he had at hand a number of accomplished workers in black and white, trained by himself or under his own eye, who could reproduce characteristic sketches with marvellous rapidity. In this way *Academy Notes* became not only catalogues for use in the galleries, but valuable memorials for the development of art and artists.



THE LATE MR. HENRY BLACKBURN.

Mr. Blackburn, who had just completed his sixty-seventh year at the time of his death, was the son of Dr. Blackburn, a medical man who for many years resided in Kensington. His son, however, was born at Portsea, and educated at King's College, London; and in 1853 was appointed private secretary to that "very superior person," the Right Hon. Edward Horsman, M.P., some time Irish Secretary. He, however, was early bitten by wanderlust, and set off in 1855 for Spain and Algeria, and subsequently embodied in illustrated books and lectures the results of his varied experiences. For three years he settled down in an easy berth at the Civil Service Commission, but in 1870 he found the restriction of official life too irksome, and turned to literature, finding abundant occupation as editor of *London Society*, 1870-72, and by writing in various periodicals. He married at an early age a daughter of Dr. Waterhouse Hawkins, the palæontologist, whose antediluvian animals are to be seen in the grounds of the Crystal Palace.

The details of Mr. Chamberlain's invitation to the Colonial Premiers to be guests of the State during the festivities in commemoration of the Queen's long reign show that the visitors will have a remarkably good time. They are to come with their womenkind and escorts of Colonial troops, and these troops will be reviewed by her Majesty in person, a most admirable idea.

The death, on Tuesday, of Lord Justice Kay, who retired some months ago from his office as one of the Lords Justices of Appeal, was noticed, with a brief and sincere expression of personal regret, by Lord Justice Lindley in the Appeal Court on the same day. Sir Edward Kay, a brother of the late Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth, formerly Secretary of the Committee of Council on Education, and the real administrative founder of the whole system of Government aid to elementary schools, won high esteem as a Chancery barrister from 1860 to 1881, and was then raised to the judicial Bench. His industry and fidelity, as Judge, to a sense of public duty were not less conspicuous than the wide range and exactness of his legal knowledge acquired in the earlier work of reporting cases and decisions in the Equity Courts, and his ready application of precedent to the business that came before him. Of late years suffering much from bad health, he continued with remarkable fortitude, so long as it was possible, to discharge his official functions, and had the sympathy of the Bar.

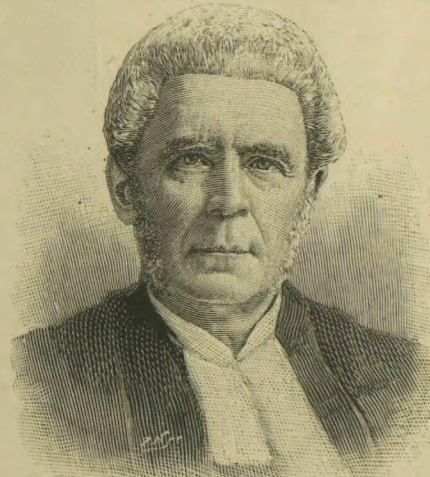


Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.  
THE LATE LORD JUSTICE KAY.

Mr. Kruger has the satisfaction of having made a Dutch word a veritable bombshell. Dutch is not commonly understood in this country, but quite a multitude of philologists seem to be well acquainted with *kwaje*, the word which Mr. Kruger lately applied to the Queen. It appears to be one of those expressions which may mean pretty nearly anything. Some people believe that the President of the Transvaal Republic intended it as a deliberate insult to his Suzerain. They say it means "wicked," "cantankerous," "vicious," and so on. Milder critics suggest that the President meant nothing more than that the Queen was an awkward person to deal with when she was disposed to



stand upon her rights. This seems to be the most reasonable interpretation of an after-dinner jest. Evidently President Kruger, like the famous Scotsman, jokes with difficulty, and is astonished to find himself taken seriously.

Much indignation has been excited by Mr. Labouchere's refusal to believe the word of Sir Graham Bower in that gentleman's evidence before the South Africa Committee. It is difficult to acquit Mr. Labouchere of a gross breach of good manners. On the other hand, the position of Sir Graham Bower is peculiar. Here is one imperial public servant to whom, under pledge of secrecy, is revealed a project which is certainly detrimental to the interests of the Imperial Government. Sir Graham Bower ought to have done one of two things. He ought either to have insisted on being released from his pledge of secrecy by Mr. Rhodes, or he ought to have resigned his office. To pretend that because he did neither he was still discharging his duty, is to turn the loyalty of the public service into mockery.

There is a tremendous commotion among the bookmakers—not the gentry whose paste and scissors are at the service of Paternoster Row, but the "bookies" of the racecourse. It has been decided that the enclosure on a course where the bookmaker plies his vocation is "a place" within the meaning of the Act of 1853, which was aimed at betting-houses. Strictly speaking, this means that the bookmaker has no longer any legal standing on the course, and is liable to arrest by the police. On the face of it, this is a triumph for the Anti-Gambling League, though the Judges were careful to explain that their decision did not make betting itself illegal. It remains to be seen whether subtle technicalities will enable the bookmakers to evade the law; but already it is proposed that the law should be amended. Mr. James Lowther, or some other member of the Jockey Club, may introduce a Bill to make betting in enclosures at Newmarket and elsewhere perfectly legal, but it is questionable whether any such measure would pass the House of Commons. Tacit connivance at gambling is one thing, but direct Parliamentary sanction is another.

Mr. Henry Norman has been arrested by the Turks as a spy. He wandered over the Greek frontier and found himself in the Turkish lines. Luckily his passport saved his credit, and he was released. Mr. Norman, by the way, has earned the severe displeasure of his own Government. He is charged by Lord George Hamilton with unpatriotic conduct, first at Washington and then at Athens. At Washington Mr. Norman was certainly instrumental in opening the eyes of the British public, and the British Government also, to certain untenable propositions in the original British case about the Venezuelan boundary. Moreover, no man worked more zealously and effectively for arbitration both as regards Venezuela and in the general relations between England and the United States. As for Greece, it is rather absurd of Lord George Hamilton to charge Mr. Norman with "counteracting" the British Minister at Athens. He has done his best to commend the Greek case to public opinion in this country. Other English newspaper correspondents at Athens have taken the same line. The representative of the *Times*, for example, has protested against coercion, though he has not convinced his editor. Mr. Norman was not sent to Athens to say "Ditto" to the British Minister, and his attitude is no slur on his patriotism, though it does not please Lord George Hamilton. As it happens, the Special Commissioner of the *Daily Chronicle* is English of the English, a determined Imperialist, who is for waving the British flag wherever it can be waved with dignity and credit.

## ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERY AT LOWESTOFT.

An interesting archaeological discovery has just been made in the course of the demolition of a number of old houses in High Street, Lowestoft. At the rear of one of the houses a square perpendicular shaft was found, leading to a spacious crypt, some 25 ft. long by 18 ft. wide. The roof of the crypt is groined, and the arches are in a fine state of preservation. From the presence of several bricked-up passages it is evident that, adjoining the chamber, there were once other vaults of similar character and extent. The crypt is undoubtedly a part of a series of subterranean chambers, portions of which also exist on the opposite side of the street. There are two theories as to the origin of the crypt. One is that it was formerly part of an ancient chantry, which was used for public worship for several years after the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII. The other is that it was connected with a monastic cell, which is known to have existed in Lowestoft under the regulation of the Prior of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield. The crypt closely resembles that which was discovered some time ago at Whitefriars, London. Our photograph was taken by Messrs. Boughton and Sons, of Lowestoft.

## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen left Windsor for the Riviera on Wednesday, March 10.

A Levée was held on Monday, March 15, at St. James's Palace, by the Duke of Connaught on behalf of the Queen.

The Empress Frederick, who was staying at Buckingham Palace after the Queen's departure from England, went on Saturday to visit Countess Münster at Maresfield, in Sussex, and afterwards to Bagshot, as the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. On Monday evening her Majesty left England for Germany, landing next day at Flushing.

The Princess of Wales has gone to Sandringham with Princess Victoria.

On Saturday, at Dublin Castle, the Earl of Cadogan, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, gave a State dinner, in St. Patrick's Hall, to a company of 252 noblemen and gentlemen representing every Irish county, in honour of the sixtieth anniversary of the Queen's reign. The Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Dufferin, the Duke of Abercorn, the Marquis of Ormonde, and the Lord Chancellor of Ireland were among the guests.

Lord Salisbury received on Friday a deputation from the Irish Landowners' Convention, introduced by the Marquis of Londonderry and headed by the Duke of Abercorn, setting forth their heavy losses through the working of the Irish Land Acts since 1882, and the compulsory reductions of rents by the Sub-Commissioners and official valuers throughout the country. The Prime Minister expressed his personal consideration for this grievance, but did not think any good could be done by a Royal Commission of Inquiry.

measures to enable all public elementary schools to reach a proper standard of efficiency."

The South Africa Inquiry Committee of the House of Commons on Friday concluded the examination of Sir Graham Bower, Secretary to the High Commissioner, and proceeded on Tuesday with that of Mr. Schreiner, a member of the Cape Colony Government with Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Next comes the evidence of Mr. Newton, Government Agent on the Bechuanaland frontier of the Transvaal.

Londoners will be pleased if the County Council Finance Committee should next year find its anticipation verified by a reduction of three farthings in the pound on the existing rate in the metropolitan parishes outside the City, but the annual estimates of expenditure will have to be considered. The Works Committee has again spent about £2500 over its estimate for works lately executed by that department, which in the opinion of the "Moderate" party could have been done as well and more cheaply by respectable contractors. A beginning is now ordered of the various extensive scientific engineering surveys for bringing water to London from distant parts of England and Wales; the official engineer is to prepare his plans and sections of the scheme relating to the river Wye, not waiting for the promised Government action which has been announced in the House of Commons. Ratepayers can hardly be encouraged to believe just now in the practice of financial economy, while the Council is entertaining motions to ask Parliament for an imperial grant in aid of London rates, and for the surrender of the property of the City Guilds and Companies, instead of saving unnecessary expenses in many details of its own work.

The Royal Society of British Artists on Monday celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the granting of its charter with a dinner at the Trocadéro in Shaftesbury Avenue.

Mr. Wyke Bayliss was in the chair. A letter from the Queen was read congratulating the Society, which was originally formed in 1819, upon the good work it has done in her lifetime.

An impending stoppage of labour at the engineering workshops of the Clyde, the Tyne, Wear, and Belfast, expected on March 27, in consequence of a dispute between the Amalgamated Society of Engineers and the Employers' Federation, is exciting much anxiety, thirty thousand men being immediately concerned in it. The stoppage of work at the Bethesda slate quarries, North Wales, which has continued several months, owing to the disagreement with Lord Penrhyn, has not yet been terminated.

The French Government on Monday, in the Chamber of Deputies, obtained an approving vote of 356 against 143 in support of its policy of union with the other Great Powers upon the question of Crete. The Senate, by 240 votes to 32, next day passed a corresponding resolution.

The British residents in Paris held a meeting on Monday at the Hôtel Continental, Sir Edmund Monson, the Ambassador, being present, and resolved to commemorate the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign by raising a fund for the relief of aged and suffering or distressed English people in France.

A disastrous accident on board the Russian war-ship *Sissoi Veliky*, lying in Suda Bay, Crete, has killed two officers and fifteen of the crew. It was the bursting of a shell in a great gun mounted in the turret when engaged in firing practice. The gun and the roof of the turret were blown to pieces, flying all over the deck. Two new Russian ironclads and a gun-boat for the Pacific squadron will be launched in May.

The German Reichstag at Berlin has voted the money asked by the Imperial Government for the fortification of Kiel, and for a dry dock there, but there is some disposition to reduce the expenditure proposed for building two more battle-ships and an additional cruiser; and Admiral Hollmann, the Minister of Marine, has again offered to resign.

President McKinley has sent a Message to Congress, which meets for an extraordinary session, urging the need of an increase of revenue to be obtained by raising higher import duties, and the Tariff Committee of the House of Representatives has submitted a scale of new protective taxation which seems likely to restrict our trade with the United States.

In South Africa President Kruger has been visiting the President of the Orange Free State at Bloemfontein, with a view to closer union in fiscal and commercial matters between the Transvaal Republic; and that adjacent commonwealth the Afrikaner Bond, a political association in the Cape Colony, has held its annual Congress, and has resolved that its members shall give no further support to Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

The Royal Niger Company has taken advantage of its recent military victory over the Foulahs at Nupé and Ilorin to proclaim the total abolition of slavery in all the territories under the Company's rule. Sir George Taubman Goldie, the Deputy-Governor, is returning to England.



CRYPT DISCOVERED AT LOWESTOFT.

From a Photograph supplied by W. A. Dutt, Lowestoft.

The Association of Chambers of Commerce, presided over by Sir Stafford Northcote, held its meetings last week in London at the Hôtel Métropole. Lord Salisbury made a speech at the dinner of this Association, saying that her Majesty's Government, in all they had to do, were but trustees and agents for the prosperity of this country. Free trade was the commercial policy which suited this country, but it did not suit those great democratic communities, the American and French Republics; and this was a time when nations, or rather Governments, were much disposed to fight each other with hostile tariffs. Our own Government would do all it could to maintain and advance British trade, which must, above all, depend on freedom, justice, and peace between the nations of the world.

The Mansion House Indian Famine Relief Fund had last week received subscriptions to the amount of £430,000. Lord George Hamilton, Secretary of State for India, presided on March 11 at the Society of Arts, when a lecture on the causes of famine in India, and the measures for its prevention, was delivered by Sir George Elliot. His Lordship next day spoke at a public meeting at Chiswick on the same subject. Over three million people in India are now receiving Government relief.

A public meeting was held in St. James's Hall on Friday, Sir Arthur Arnold in the chair, to express sympathy with the Cretans and the Greeks. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, the Rev. Canon Gore, the Rev. Dr. Clifford, Mr. Stevenson, Mr. John Dillon, Mr. Labouchere, and others spoke. There was an open-air meeting in Trafalgar Square on Sunday afternoon, when Mr. Michael Davitt was one of the speakers.

Mr. H. W. Lawson was elected on Tuesday to the London County Council, polling in Whitechapel 503 votes more than Mr. Meinertzhagen, the Moderate party candidate.

The London School Board at its weekly meeting on March 11 passed a resolution by twenty votes against nine giving a cordial welcome to the Voluntary Schools Assistance Bill introduced by the Government, and declaring that "the Board views with sympathy any





THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE RIVIERA: HER MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL AT NICE.

*Drawn on the Spot by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier.*



## MUSIC.

Punctually with the spring, Herr Joachim returns to the musical world to gladden us with his harmonious note. On Saturday last (March 13) he appeared at the Crystal Palace, where, by special request, he played the violin part in Beethoven's one Concerto for Violin and Orchestra—that exquisite work which, because it is so apart in its loveliness, makes one sad that it is the only one of its kind left to us by the great master. It may be said emphatically that Joachim was in his very best form on this occasion; the opening movement, with its beautiful cadences, its remote sweetness of melody, and its perfect form, was played by this great artist with absolute rightness and propriety. It is curious to recall that more than forty years ago the same artist played the same concerto for Robert Schumann, who wrote later to him describing him as the "sorcerer" who had conducted him through "the heights and depths of that magical building"; and here at Sydenham on Saturday was the same sorcerer conducting another audience over the same Palace of Art. Among other compositions given on the same occasion were the Genoveva overture by Schumann, a new Scotch overture by Mr. Hamish McCunn, and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. Herr Joachim also played some Bach solos.

On Monday, March 15, at the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall, Herr Joachim, in company with

he came as a kind of prophet and teacher; now he comes as a great exponent, inasmuch as the supply of prophets in our own country has not been able to resist the demand. Suffice it to say at present that he played Mozart's G Minor Symphony with great clarity of tone and attention to form, and that in the four scenes from "Götterdämmerung," which formed the staple of the concert, he was as masterfully fine as ever. Frau Mottl and Fräulein Tomschik were the excellent vocalists of the evening.

## A HINDU FESTIVAL.

The picturesque religious festival of the Hindus which is known as the "Mahamakam" was celebrated with great pomp and elaborate ritual on Feb. 17 in the sacred town of Kombakonum. This festival takes place but once in every twelve years, and therefore forms an occasion for the assembling of devout Hindus in far greater numbers than are called together by more frequent religious observances. The town of Kombakonum, the name of which means "water-jar mouth," is situated in the most fertile tract of the Cauvery delta, in the Tanjore district of Madras Presidency. It is something under two hundred miles south-west of the city of Madras. The population of the town at the last census was 54,300, and of that total 51,900 were Hindus. Two of the neighbouring towns with which it is in most constant inter-

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"Saucy Sally," the title given to the piece now being played at the Comedy, is a little misleading. There is no saucy Sally. As first performed in the provinces, the farce was called "The Saucy Sally," which is a different matter. The *Saucy Sally* is a ship, and therein lies the one vulnerable point in the plot of Mr. Burnand's adaptation. We are asked to believe that there is a Mr. Jocelyn, who pretends to be a captain, and to be commander of a ship named the *Saucy Sally*, while at the same time there actually is a vessel called the *Saucy Sally*, which is actually commanded by a Captain Jocelyn. But who can reasonably complain of "the long arm of coincidence" when it makes its appearance in a farce? The one thing that can properly be asked about a farce is—Is it funny, and legitimately funny? We are happy to say that to this question, as applied to "Saucy Sally," we can give a hearty affirmative. The current attraction at the Comedy is laughter-compelling. We will admit that it is conventionally so. The French piece from which it is taken is by no means a new one, and its methods are by no means novel. "Saucy Sally," in fact, is based on a familiar formula. A young husband, happily enough married, but endowed with an insistent mother-in-law, likes to get away from home occasionally. He has won the mother's consent to his union with her daughter on the basis of being mistaken for an adventurous traveller, and this false



THE FESTIVAL OF MAHAMAKAM: RELIGIOUS PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS OF KOMBAKONUM.

Photo Wiele and Klein, Madras.

MM. Ries, Gibson, and Hausmann, played Beethoven's Quartet in E Minor. London has heard a good deal lately of the Bohemian String Quartet which has in various quarters been described as a "revelation" to the concert-room, as though the elder quartet of the "Pops" had for once been defeated and outrivalled. Yet it would not be possible, one would imagine, for any string quartet in the world to surpass the playing on this occasion of, say, the Adagio movement. Scarcely less beautiful was the Allegretto which follows; but, for once in a way, one is compelled to declare that the finale was played a little sensationally, a fault common to most string quartets, Bohemian and otherwise, but very rare indeed with players of this artistic appreciation and temperate accomplishment. At the same concert Mrs. Helen Trust sang a bundle of rather old-world songs with all the beauty of her full and charming style, and, for solo, Herr Joachim played the large and allegro from Bach's Sonata in C Major in his finest manner. Miss Katie Goodson, as the pianist, played Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses in D Minor" with cold correctness, but without much feeling. The concert ended with Haydn's Quartet in C Major.

The first of the present series of Mottl Concerts took place at the Queen's Hall on the evening of Tuesday, March 16. Detailed criticism of the event may be reserved until the series is quite finished; for the present it may be noted that Mottl's position with a London audience is now scarcely what it was a few years ago, before the Wagner Concert had become so fixed an institution among us. Then

course are the old Danish capital of Tranquebar, and the "peacock-town" Mayaveram, celebrated for its great pagoda. Kombakonum was formerly the capital of the Chola kingdom, and to this day is regarded by the natives as one of the most sacred towns in the whole Presidency. It is celebrated as a seat of Hindu learning, and has been described as the Oxford of Southern India. There are a number of fine temples and sacred tanks at Kombakonum, and one of the tanks has the reputation of being so very sacred that every twelve years the water acquires an efficacious power, and all who bathe in it are cleansed from every corporeal and spiritual impurity. This particularly sacred tank is the largest in Kombakonum, and for this one day in every twelve years it is filled with water, which, according to the ritual of the occasion, must be brought for the purpose direct from the Ganges. The miraculous power with which the tank is credited at these times brings together a large gathering of people from the districts around, as well as from distant parts, sinners of every description coming to be purged of their stains. This year, with the horrors of famine and plague around them, Hindu devotees and pilgrims from the most remote parts of India assembled in even greater numbers than usual for the purificatory ceremonial of Mahamakam, and it is estimated that upwards of three hundred thousand persons bathed in the sacred tank, which was frequented from one a.m. until midnight. After immersion in the tank the pilgrims bathe in the river Cauvery, and the various religious ceremonies of the day include a solemn procession through the streets of the town.

character he keeps up after marriage, though sincerely desirous to divest himself of it. Meanwhile, it supplies him with excuses for short holidays, during one of which he has got entangled with a young woman who thinks him unwedded. As the hero of "Pink Dominoes" was periodically summoned to Manchester "on business," so the Mr. Jocelyn of "Saucy Sally" contrives to be called to sea at intervals by his supposed employers. He has but to be confronted with the aforesaid young woman and the real Captain Jocelyn, with the imminent prospect of having his deceptions made clear to his wife and his mother-in-law, for the flood-gates of diversion to be thrown open. Add to all this an old "salt" who persists in mistaking him for a Captain Jocelyn who saved his (the sailor's) life, and you have all the materials for an imbrolio which, old-fashioned though it be, still has power to entertain. Parts in the piece are excellently sustained by Mr. Hendrie (the old "salt"), Mr. W. T. Lovell (the real captain), Mr. Draycott, Mr. Volpé, Miss J. Bateman, Miss D. Templeton, and (in particular) Mrs. Charles Calvert (the mother-in-law). But the burden of the acting is borne almost wholly, and with very great success, by Mr. Charles Hawtrey, who once more testifies to his capacity for lying (on the stage) like truth. Mendacity has never been made more charming than in this instance, for Mr. Hawtrey grows in skill with experience. His readiness is delightful. "Saucy Sally" is unquestionably amusing, and it is also wholly without offence, as, indeed, is always the case with the pieces to which Mr. Burnand attaches his name.



THE HINDU FESTIVAL "MAHAMAKAM."



Photo Wiele and Klein, Madras.

PILGRIMS BATHING IN THE RIVER CAUVERY TO CLEANSE THEMSELVES FROM THE MUD OF THE MAHAMAKAM TANK.

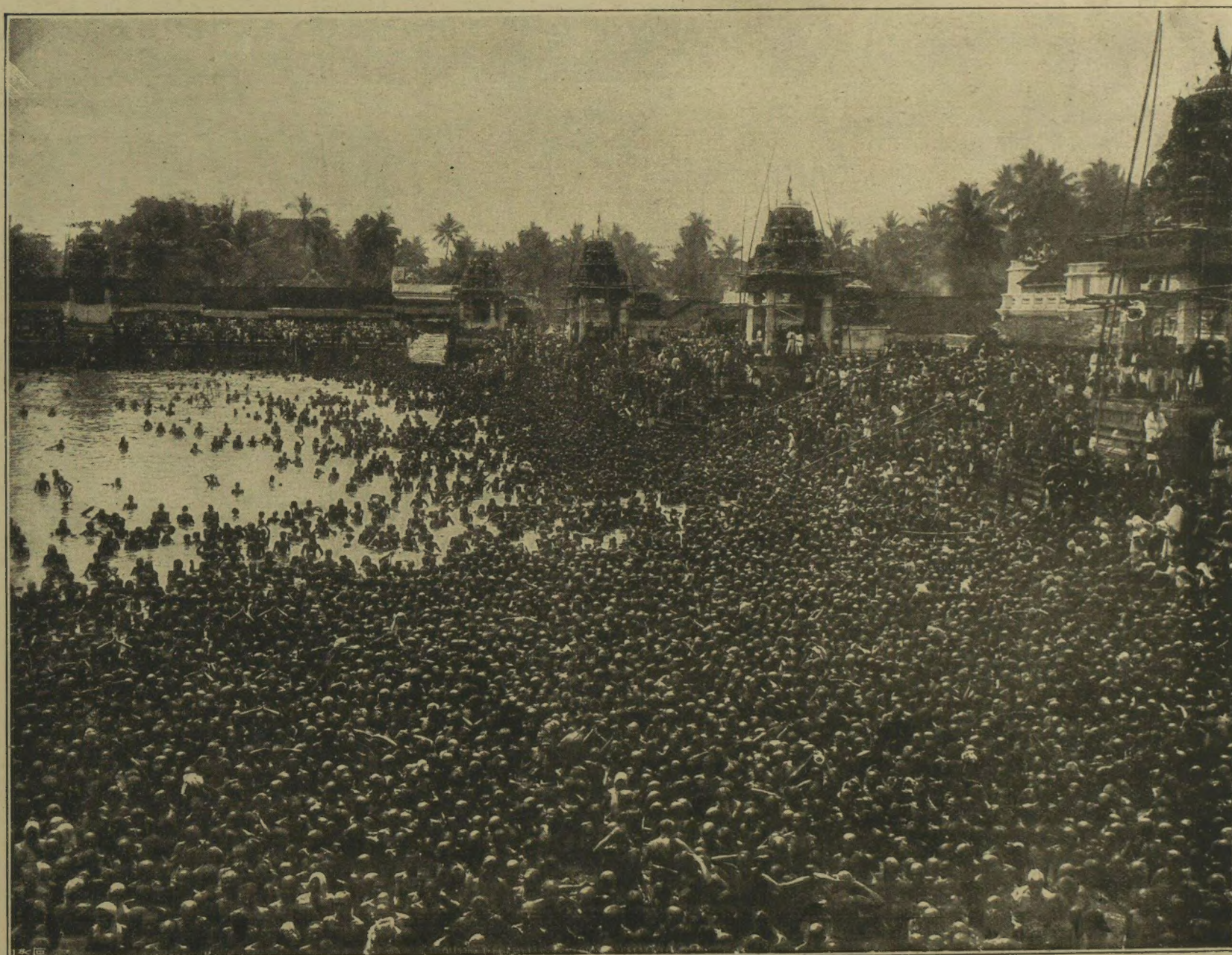


Photo Wiele and Klein, Madras.

THE PILGRIMS AFTER IMMERSION.





A DIVAN OF THE GRAND SHEREEF OF WAZAN, MOROCCO.

The title of "Sherreef" belongs to the head of a princely Mohammedan family which can trace its descent from the Prophet through his daughter Fatima. The Sherreefs constitute a distinct order of Mohammedan nobility, the badges of which are a green turban worn by the male members of a Sherreef family and a green veil worn by the women. The Grand Sherreef, who resides at the sacred town of Wazan, in the Sebu Valley, Morocco, is the head of the powerful fraternity of Mulai-Taieb, and has the supreme right of appointing the Sultans of Morocco.



# A FOUNTAIN SEALED

BY

SIR WALTER BESANT

ILLUSTRATED BY H. G. BURGESS.

## CHAPTER XX.

"THERE SHALL BE NO  
OBSTACLE."

All that afternoon my cousin and I talked over the position of things. I had no secrets from her: I told her exactly what Edward had said: how at the end he melted: how I had re-

solved to leave everything to George himself.

"Not able to marry you? What does the man mean?" my cousin asked. "Why, Nancy, to be sure he is a great lord: I am certain of that: the star which he sometimes wears betrays his rank; and as for us, we belong only to

the trading class: but Love levels all: and Sir George has over and over again assured me that he has never found, among the greatest ladies, any whose manners are more polite than your own; nor any whose mind is purer and whose face and form are more bewitching. Not marry you?"

"Edward was all kindness, Isabel: he shed tears while he spoke to me."

"Not able to marry? Then the creature must be married already."

"Nay; I am certain that he is not. I am, he has told me, the first. His brother assures me that no other woman has ever yet attracted his eyes."

"Then—what can he mean? He is of age; his father is dead; he can please himself. Perhaps they promised him when he was of tender years to some girl of his own rank. Why can he not please himself? If he would please himself, it would be with thee, my Nancy. Of that be well assured."

"Indeed," I confessed, "I am well assured of that. Never was any woman more assured of her lover's truth."

"So we all think; yet . . . not that my Reuben ever gave me any cause to think otherwise. But, Nancy, the question is, what are the reasons? Why cannot Sir George marry you?"

"The reasons he must tell me himself."

"Shall I ask him, child? Stay in your own room this evening and I will ask him."

"Nay, but I would not have anyone—not even thee, Cousin, between him and me. Let him tell me what he pleases. If we are to part, it must come from his own lips. . . ." And again tears came to my relief.

"Part—part—why?" My cousin bent over me and kissed me. "Has the man eyes? Has the man a heart? Part with the sweetest girl in the world? He cannot, my dear. He cannot, except he were the King of Great Britain and Ireland. Heart up, Nancy! Heart up! Thy sweetheart shall carry thee off to church—he shall—with a laugh on his lips and a shake in his leg, and ring thee before all the world. Why else did he wish thee to be baptised? Why else did he take us on the river and to the Gardens? My dear, it were else a most monstrous thing thus to play with a girl's affections. It were worse with such a girl as my Nancy than to betray the blowsy innocence of some milkmaid. No—no—Sir George could not. His face and his discourse, his heart and his mind, are too full of truth and of religion. He could not, I say. Oh, he could not."

"Then there is another thing, cousin. If to marry me would bring trouble upon him, it were better that I should die."

"Trouble? What trouble, I pray?" she replied quickly. "Out of honest love no trouble ever sprang. Say he is above thee in rank, Nancy. Call him Earl or Duke—he is master of himself and his own actions. What can his friends do when they find it out? Nothing. They may be disappointed. Those fine Court ladies of whom Robert speaks so kindly will tear their hair for spite. But, since the thing is done——"

"It is not yet done, cousin."

"It will be done—and that very soon—if I have studied that young gentleman to any purpose. My dear, men are like chips and matches, some of which catch fire quickly and burn out in no time, while others are slow to light but burn on steadily and gradually. Sir George is one who is slow to light. But once he burns he is all pure flame."

Thus we talked, and though my cousin assured me of her perfect confidence there lay upon me the weight of foreboding—a sense of coming evil.

In the evening, about half-past eight, our friends came as usual. Isabel begged to be excused, because she must go to see a poor woman in the garrets who had children to clothe. So she went away, promising to return shortly.

What happened next, you know. At a certain signal Edward went out, also promising to return shortly.

Then we heard the noise below: the trampling and the shouting.

"One would think it a fencing-bout," said Sir George. "A strange place and a strange time for a fencing-bout!"

Then he sat down beside me.

For the first time we were alone. He sat down, I say, beside me: then he sank on one knee and caught my hand and began to kiss it fondly.

"Oh, Nancy!" he said, "sweet maid—heart of my heart!" I cannot write down all that he said. Sure, never did fond lover express his love more passionately, or with greater extravagance. Women do not love in the same way. Their sweethearts are not gods to them—yet they desire no other gods: they love the man: they see him as he might be: as he was intended to be: as the Lord meant him to be: they see, though in a glass darkly, because their eyes are not strong enough to gaze upon the glory, nor can their minds imagine or figure to themselves the splendour of the truth—but they see imperfectly the man as he will be, glorified and made perfect: they understand his shortcomings and his faults, which are to them only like so many excrescences that can be shaken off. Never did I worship George as he worshipped me: why, the fact itself that he should find in me so much perfection

when I was conscious of so many faults, made me feel his weakness. Yet every woman likes it. Oh! How happy did it make me to be told that I was a goddess! Oh! how did my poor heart beat and the colour fly to my face when that dearest and best of men—that man in whom were united all the virtues of honour, truth, and purity—knelt at



He was sitting beside me: my head was on his heart: he was kissing me fondly.



my feet to tell me with such extravagances as moved me well nigh to tears of joy and happiness that he loved me—he loved me—he loved me.

"My dearest Nancy," he said, calming himself after a while. "We are so seldom alone. This is the rarest chance. It is only on such a chance that we can speak. Nancy: when wilt thou be mine, altogether—my bride?"

"Oh! When my Lord shall command. I will obey in anything."

"Yes—yes—I will think. I will consult Edward. I can do nothing without Edward."

"He was here this morning. He told me . . . he said plainly . . . that there were reasons which would stand between you and me."

"What reasons are those? I know of none that I cannot meet, if I choose."

"I know not. He would not tell me. Nor, indeed, did I press him, because I would know nothing except from your own lips. If there are reasons, let us part at once."

Part at once! Why, he was sitting beside me: my head was on his heart: he was kissing me fondly: one arm was round my waist: one hand was holding my hand. Part at once!

He laughed. "Part at once?" he cried. "We will part, my Nancy, when the span of life is finished and I am called away. Then you shall remain to pray a little for me (if it is allowed to pray for the dead)."

"Child!" he said, after these transports, or in the midst of them. "I cannot live without thee. Edward has been telling me this, and that, and the other. They are obstacles, he says. I will admit no obstacles. I care not what they say. If I cannot please my own heart, I will step down and suffer Edward to take my place."

"Nay," I said, not understanding what he meant, "but I love thee too well, George, to stand in thy way. It is enough for me to be loved. Let me go and remember that."

"Go? Never! I will not leave thee, Nancy. Now listen. There are reasons why I cannot place thee beside me: we must love in secret, and thou must live in obscurity. But I would not wrong thee. Oh! to wrong this pure angel—to bring sorrow and shame upon thee—I could not, Nancy, were I the deepest profligate in all this wicked town. I could not, I say. Believe me, dearest girl. I were not worthy to love so much goodness if I were capable of such a thought."

There needed no assurance on this point. I told him so.

"Edward and I have talked it over. Edward is the best brother that ever lived. Of all creatures I love him best—next to you. I told him, this very day, that I would hear of no obstacles. He gave way. He will help us in everything. Now, Nancy, listen to what we have arranged. We will be married to-morrow morning—I know not in what Church—Edward knows: I know not by what clergyman—Edward knows: in some name or other—perhaps that of Le Breton—Edward knows. The coach shall come for thee in the morning about eight. After the ceremony we shall go to some place—it is a small house close by in Catherine Wheel Alley, looking over the Park. He found it, bought it, furniture and all, this afternoon: he has also put a few servants in it: it shall be thy nest, my love, thy bower, where thou shalt sit and dream of love and of thy lover. Nancy, never did I know what happiness meant until I learned to love thee. I am not like one of the town gallants who catch fire at the rustle of a furbelow: I cannot, I think, love a woman unless I am truly persuaded that she is as beautiful within as without. I would lay my whole heart open to the woman I love. I would make her the casket to contain all my secret thoughts, my ambitions, and everything. With such a woman for a partner a man might become indeed a king." He raised his head: his eyes became fixed: he was one who saw in a vision noble deeds and kingly thoughts.

"But thou must be effaced from view—an invisible bride—canst thou do so much for me, Nancy, without repining?"

"I can do more than that, George, for such a lover—I could die for him—oh! so gladly, if it would help him."

With that he kissed me again, and so we continued our discourse till Edward came back, this business of his happily accomplished.

"You have had your fencing-bout?" said George.

"Ay, ay! We have had the fencing-bout," he replied. "Now, George, have you told this sweet girl what to-morrow brings with it?"

"I have told her. She agrees." Oh! But he never asked me if I agreed.

"Then, Nancy, to-morrow we shall be brother and sister—as dear to me, believe it, as any other sister could be. George is not worthy of thee, I begin to think. Yet a moderately fond lover; and I dare swear, as constant as any of his rank in Europe. Well, Nancy, I hope the house will be to thy liking. The rooms are small; the house belonged to old Lady Harlowe, who died some months ago. There is a window in the first floor overlooking the park, with a Venetian balcony."

"And we have never yet told her our real names," said George.

"Tell me at your own leisure. Not to-night, George. Let me not be dazzled with greatness. I am too happy to-night. To-morrow, be Baron, Earl, or Duke—what you will."

"I shall use your permission—I will be what I am."

"I remember what you told me, about the Lord

Burleigh who married the country girl: that he should not have taken her to his grand house. Have you got a grand house?"

"I have two or three. In due course I shall have more."

"Then, my dear, do not take me to them: leave me in that modest cottage of which you speak, near at hand, so that I may see you often. Let me remain in obscurity: believe me, I shall never desire to take my place before the world: it will be happiness enough for me to be so in reality and enjoy your affection."

"Nancy!" So he fell into a transport again, swearing—but you know what he would swear at such a moment.

At this moment my cousin returned. "Sir George," she said, "I pray you to forgive me. That poor woman, with her six children—"

"Let me minister, through you, dear lady, to their wants." So he lugged out his purse, filled with guineas, and laid it in her hands. "It is a thank-offering," he said. "I give thee this money in memory. This fair cousin of yours, Madam, has this morning come to an understanding with me. We have, in a word, arranged things for our own satisfaction first; and for the consideration of other people—who must also be considered—next. I am blessed indeed, for my own part, because she hath promised to become my own whenever those arrangements can be made." He spoke now with the greatest dignity. "I trust, Madam, that you will believe me when I assure you that whatever arrangements I may be compelled to make—always subject to my Nancy's approval—I shall be guided only by the resolution to make her happiness the first consideration, and her interest the chief study of my life."

"Oh, Sir! oh, Nancy! . . . I have, of course, looked for this. I could not choose but be aware of what was going on. Else why should you and your brother so often visit two simple ladies who have none of the arts and accomplishments of the Great?"

He laughed.

"My Nancy has arts and accomplishments which the people you call the Great cannot have. She has taught me, dear Madam, some of the dangers and temptations which beset great people. By your leave I will tell you what these are. We—may I say *we* and not *they*? We, I say, have not to work for what we enjoy: therefore we enjoy nothing: we have not to long for something and save up for it: if we want a thing we have it. Therefore, we value nothing. No one contradicts us; therefore, we think we know everything, and are vain accordingly. We have no uncertainty about fortune: it is true that history is full of the sad ends of prince and noble: but in this polite age such deaths by violence or by Civil War do not happen. There will be no more murder of Princes in the Tower: no more beheading of Kings at Whitehall. Again, we know nothing of the struggle for a livelihood and of the patience of women in poverty and their contrivance to keep the children. We are raised, as they call it, above these things. Therefore we grow selfish. Now, my dear Nancy has contradicted me times out of number. She has taught me that I know nothing: she has shown me what they are like—the people of whom I used to speak ignorantly. I am lowered in my own conceit, and therefore I am raised in reality. She has herself most unconsciously made me more worthy—yet still most unworthy—to be her lover. Believe me, Madam—again he took my hand and kissed it—"there is no rank so lofty which would not be graced by Nancy. There is no title so grand as that of Nancy's lover."

"Oh! Sir," cried my cousin, quite overcome and unable to say more. "Oh! Sir; it is too much, indeed," and so fell back into a chair, where she lay, half in tears and half laughing, fanning herself violently. She said afterwards that the reason of this emotion was the first discovery of the authority—not to say the majesty—with which this young man spoke. In a Bishop, she said, or in a Judge, such authority might be looked for: but in so young a man 'twas wonderful. However, the events of the next day might possibly have coloured her imagination. All I know is that the dear woman was profoundly affected when she heard this gracious speech. I may say it here, and once for all, that whatever my cousin did for me; whether she took me away from my sepulchral home: whether she took off the Quaker habits and made me drop the Quaker speech: whether she showed me the wicked world: whether she allowed these young men to visit us: whether she suffered them to offer entertainments: all she did was done out of pure love for me and consideration for me. First, she would drag me out of the melancholy which oppressed my soul, and next she would encourage the passion of which she watched and knew the first beginnings. If my cousin's conduct brought upon me my greatest misfortunes, it gave me my greatest happiness. But for her, Robert Storey might have been in my estimation a man of the finest manners. Nay, more: but for her, Robert Storey might have been my husband.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### TO DRESS THE BRIDE.

It was late when they went away, for there was much to say, and Edward was full of spirits, all the more because of the victory won down below, of which we heard from Molly, you may be sure.

When they were gone, my cousin fell to kissing me again. "Thou art born for love, Nancy. Oh! not the common kind. He who once loves thee will never forget thee! What have I read? There is a love, even between man and woman, which is heavenly love: there is also the love which is earthly love. Thine is the heavenly love! So long as thy lover is filled with thy image he will never go wrong: he will be guided always by the principles of honour and religion."

"My lover wants not that guidance, cousin."

"Women," she went on, "may pretend what they please, but there is no solid happiness in life unless it be accompanied by love. Oh, yes! here one and here another, cold and unfit for love. I talk of the sex, my dear. 'Tis love, 'tis love—'tis love they still desire. Love protects them from the rubs and knocks of the world: love provides them with all the good things for which their husbands work: love fills the heart. I am a widow, and I think I shall not marry again because love has filled my heart and fills it still, though my Reuben has been called away. Now to bed, my dear. Wake in the morning with rosy cheeks and bright eyes. Go not to the altar with pale cheek and dull looks. Go like one who greets the day with a thankful heart."

So I went to bed: but not to sleep.

In the morning, at seven o'clock, a letter came to me: brought, Molly told me, by a footman in splendid livery. It is the only love-letter I ever received.

"Dearest Nancy! Dearest Nancy! Dearest Nancy!" Thus the letter began. How tender and sweet were the words! "All night long have I been awake with thy loving idea in my mind, so that I had no desire to sleep, but would fain lie awake for ever. It is now six of the clock, and I am sending thee this note for a Valentine to greet thee on thy pillow. In an hour or two thou wilt be mine. Edward has arranged everything. We have only to do as he tells us. It is pleasant to obey for one's own happiness. Well, I enter this day upon a life of obedience. The world may obey me, but I shall obey my Nancy. It is like taking the vow of a monk. I take the vow of poverty, for all my wealth is thine, to the uttermost farthing: and of constancy to thee: and of celibacy, except to thee: and of obedience. You shall hear me take those vows at the altar."

"A pretty story Edward had to tell me about that fencing-bout. My dear, it was no fencing-bout, but a battle with Edward, Captain Sellinger, of the Horse Guards, and a Corporal on one side, and half-a-dozen traitors and would-be kidnappers on the other. They were peppered. I must thank Captain Sellinger at the first opportunity. Edward will procure for the Corporal a commission in the Royal Marines. It is a pretty story, and it must be kept private for the sake of certain ladies of whom we know something. If Edward was endeared to me before, by a thousand acts of friendship, think what I must feel for him now when he has risked his life to save my liberty. Everything was arranged: a coach in readiness: a ship in waiting. Well—Providence has interfered, for which I am, I hope, properly grateful."

"Thou wilt be in bed, my dearest, when you get this note. Rise, Nancy, and in thy morning prayers remember me. This day shall see us to the altar, and ever after shall we be happy as the day is long in each other's arms. My dearest—my dearest—my dearest. Thy fond lover, GEORGE."

Did ever a girl receive so peremptory an order to get up and dress in order to be married? Yet did ever girl kiss the bridegroom's letter with greater fondness? Did ever girl obey so readily and so joyfully, as thinking to make her lover happy if she could.

I dressed: I took my letter to my cousin's room and showed it to her. She, too, made haste to rise. I called Molly: I told her that it was my wedding day: that I was to be taken away, but not far, by my husband: but that I should expect to keep her in my service.

While she dressed my head, she told me about the terrible battle and the boiling broth. I rejoiced over the bravery of our side, and congratulated her upon her contribution. One man, she said, was carried off wounded, and perhaps dead: there was a red pool of blood only just dried up on the floor to show that his wound was desperate. I shuddered. Was a fight, with a death, of good omen to a wedding day? But then the fight was in a good cause and the right side won.

"Corporal Bates," she said, "is well nigh off his head. He struts about this morning like one possessed. The gentlemen gave him fifty guineas: the other gentleman—yours, Miss Nancy—sent his wife fifty more: they are rich: the children are to have new frocks: Mrs. Bates is buying a new frock: and the Corporal is to be called henceforth Lieutenant."

I was pleased, indeed, to hear of his good fortune.

"The Doctor is gone," she continued. "They took away his papers and they let him go. If he returns, he will be hanged and drawn and quartered for a French spy."

"That, too, was a pleasant thing to hear."

"Well, Molly," I said. "We shall all, I hope, prove fortunate over this event. Meantime, wait for your share, till I go to my new home which I have not seen in St. Catherine Wheel Court."



"Miss Nancy, may I go to the church, too?"

"Surely, Molly. I could not be happy unless thou wert present. The church is—we shall find out where it is presently. It may be St. James's; or St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; or even St. Margaret's, Westminster: but we shall find out."

"The bridegroom would like a dish of chocolate and some buttered toast before starting," she said. "The mornings are cold and raw. You, too, Miss Nancy, must take something before you go out."

"Everything," said my cousin, always ready to welcome a cheerful aspect of Fate, "has turned out for the best.

should obey her husband cheerfully. I always did, the more readily because Reuben would never command anything unless he knew that it was in accordance with my wishes. What was the result, my dear? How was I rewarded? The whole of his fortune devolved upon me: not a life interest, or a moiety, or a third part, on which some poor widows have to scratch along. Obedience? 'Tis the first mark of a good wife that she obeys cheerfully and readily. An obedient wife makes an obedient husband. Obedience ensures for a wife her own way: it gives the responsibility of work to the man and the enjoyment of the harvest to the woman. Never, my dear, was apostolic injunction more

them. And Robert Storey to stand like a play-actor: and the fine Court ladies in a row: all to see thy beauty, and to burst with envy at the spectacle of thy great fortune."

"Oh, dear cousin! There will be enough—with thee and Molly and Edward."

"My dear," she stepped back and looked at me from top to toe, "thou art, indeed, a charming bride! Some women at the altar make charming corpses: as for thee, thy colour so comes and goes; thine eyes are so bright, thy cheeks so soft! Oh, Nancy, Nancy!" she caught me in her arms—"How shall I live without thee? Oh, what



"My dear," she stepped back and looked at me from top to toe, "thou art, indeed, a charming bride!"

You suffered from melancholia at Dartford: you repined at that affliction: but for that you would not have come to me. You gave up the Society: but for that you would not have met your lover. You were ignorant of the world: but for that artless ignorance he would not have loved you. It was necessary to tell your brother Joseph something of your change. He came and stormed like a madman, yet learned all that it was proper for you to tell him. You need not keep him informed, for the future, of your doings. You have explained to him the things which concern him: a lawyer will make him disgorge what I verily believe he intended to keep altogether: it matters not how rich George may be—a few more thousands are always a pleasant addition to one's fortune. Thy George, dear Nancy, will be a pattern to all husbands: sober, religious, virtuous, of kindly temper: he is everything that a husband should be. Add to this that he is young, strong, and well formed. What matter if he expects obedience? A wife

misunderstood than that in which is enjoined obedience in women."

So she went on chattering while we busied about the bridal dress, giving me such hints and advice as to the management of a husband as wedded women like to bestow out of their experience. The sum of it all is, I believe, that if two people love each other they will give way to each other, study each other, take care not to insist too strongly on their own wishes, and never think obedience a duty, but a pleasure. Alas! It was love's labour lost, this advice, as you shall presently see.

I put on my white satin frock over a hoop: Isabel trimmed it with laces and with white ribbons: my hat she also trimmed with white ribbons, very fine; and she gave me a pair of white silk gloves.

"It is said," she said, "that thou wilt be married with so few spectators. I could wish all the Society of Friends to be in the church: thy brother Joseph at the head of

a happy three months have I spent! and now, though everything ends as it should, I am loth, I am loth, my dear, to let thee go."

I turned over my drawers to see what things Molly should bring me. I had not much to fit out a bride. But for Isabel I could not have made a decent appearance. Among the things which I turned out, one was the miniature of Mademoiselle de la Vallière, first love of King Louis XIV. of France. Her sweet sad face looked upon me as if with pity. Yet why should she pity me, the happiest and most fortunate girl in the world? I put it down again, somewhat dashed. Such little things suffice to jar upon one. We are full of joy and happiness: then we remember something; we hear something; we see something; and lo! it is like cold water poured upon the boiling pot: the water sings no more, the bubbles die: it is like an ice-cold wind blowing over the meadows on a warm spring day: our joy is suddenly sobered.

(To be concluded in our next.)





A MERLIN SEIZING HER PREY.  
*By Archibald Thorburn.*



## THE PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

The formalities strictly necessary to make a man President of the United States are as simple in style as the democracy that "drinks from the horse-trough" of Andrew Jackson. But Mr. William McKinley is not of that democracy. It cost one million dollars to inaugurate Mr. McKinley as President. Three thousand men were at work for three months in Washington preparing the city for what was deemed a fitting celebration of this event.

The main display features of the occasion were a mammoth parade, which was reviewed by the new President from a stand in front of the Executive Mansion; fireworks on the reservation in the rear of the White House in the evening, and at night a grand ball opened by the President and attended by all the elect of the land, together with eight thousand of the people.

The most democratic picture presented by the inauguration was the President-elect on the portico in front of the Capitol receiving the oath of office, administered by the Chief Justice of the United States, in the presence of the whole body of Congress, the Diplomatic Corps, and the people. The great plaza on which the Capitol opens, the streets, houses, fences, trees, telegraph-poles—everything within visual range on which humanity could gain a foothold or a clutch, was packed with thousands upon thousands of soldiery, men, women, children; black, white, and redskins; every grade of society, every nationality on earth, assembled in triumphant mood to honour their servant, the incoming ruler of the Republic. To this immense multitude President McKinley delivered his inaugural address, and at its close such a shout went up, such a tumult of applause, as threatened to turn the multitude into an acclaiming mob. President McKinley was superb under every storm of approbation. Receiving the furious homage of the people at the conclusion of his address, driving from the Capitol immediately afterwards amid the blare of trumpets and the continued shouts of the crowds all along the way to the Executive Mansion, and reviewing the still loud-lauding parade—at all times he appeared deeply moved, not, however, with self-esteem set vibrating, but seemingly with reverence for the hidden and supreme source of the power manifest in him.

The parade that was marshalled through the streets of Washington in honour of the inauguration was an

the Government Naval Academy from Annapolis, the Government Indian Schools from the West and South; boys, black and white, from the Washington public schools—a bristling display of the beneficence of Uncle Sam and the fruit it bears in the development of the American youth and savages; there were an immense number of the National Guards from every State in the Union, denoting the power of war that resides in the unarmed force of the American people; there were Governors of States from Maine to California, attended by their respective staffs, a pageantry of all those widely separated, independent powers that confirm and co-ordinate their individual strength in the might of their union; there were scarred and crippled veterans of past wars, betokening the heroism and loyalty that make the Union secure; there were brilliantly uniformed political and social clubs from cities far and near, representing every order of human life and every shade of sentiment in harmony with the inauguration of a Republican President; there were bands, big bands, brass bands, famous bands, following one another in such rapid succession they seemed to swell the strains of one vast symphony of glad, triumphant music; and over all this great moving, sounding mass of glorying humanity there shimmered and streaked and streamed the colours of the nation mixed with the

building were put in pantalettes of stars and stripes, and looked ready to do a skirt-dance of delight at the change of administration. Mingling with the riot of colour that was manifest from end to end of the parade was a thrilling bedlam of patriotism proceeding from the throats of the multitudes banked on either side. Here, in the audience



MILITARY PARADE BEFORE THE NEW PRESIDENT.

From a Sketch by C. Handlee, Washington.

that viewed the inaugural parade, again, the greatness and prosperity of which Americans boast were displayed. The crowd was enormous. It filled the sidewalks; it piled high on the immense stands that had been built along the line; it pressed out of every window, jammed and overflowed every balcony, filled and hung over every roof, till the front of every building was animate with pushing, peering, curious, and enthusiastic humanity. Extravagant prices were paid by money-kings for rooms where luncheon could be served and the parade viewed in comfort. Sums of 500, 1000, 1500 dollars were given readily weeks in advance of the inauguration, and on the eve anyone having quarters to dispose of could obtain any sum asked.

The inaugural ball was held in the pension building, which has a rotunda approaching in size the boundlessness of the western prairies. The decorations were a dream of a voluptuary, enhanced in charm in the sight of true Americans by the widely circulated fact that they cost more than any decorations ever before known in the history of American spendthriftiness. In the matter of expensiveness and in artistic design they were made to express the "gold" policy of the McKinley triumph. To this end even the national colours were subordinated, and gold given prominence in the hue of the bunting and the flowers, which were brought from every beauty-blooming State in the Union. Myriads of electric lights shining through yellow globes were wrought in the colour-scheme with dazzling effect, and hundreds of canary birds in golden cages among the flowers and foliage proclaimed "gold" until the dull coat of the people's bird would have looked oddly out of place, had not the careful decorator, mindful of harmony in small things, touched up the wings of the stuffed eagles that entered here and there into the decorations, thus presenting a bird fit for McKinley's inauguration—an American eagle with its feathers all gilt edged. Mrs. McKinley's ball-gown also reproduced the "gold" idea that won her husband's victory. It was made of cloth of gold, magnificently trimmed with lace.

Apples of gold were not served at the inaugural ball supper, but the three hundred gallons of terrapin stew consumed were but molten gold in edible form. A terrapin trust, organised in anticipation of the inaugural demand, raised the price of this delicacy to 75 dollars per dozen inches. It has been reckoned by colicky conscienced philanthropists that the cost of the inaugural terrapin stew would have bought a mountain of bread for the poor three fourths as high and many times as broad as the Washington Monument, and a mountain of coal the same size.

It is quite natural that the extravagant display of gold everywhere manifest in the McKinley inauguration should have stirred the spleen of the devotees of silver. A silver Senator, Stewart of Nevada, has announced that immediately after the new Congress convenes he will introduce a Bill in the Senate to prohibit by law a repetition of the pomp and ceremony with which McKinley was installed in office. It is difficult to conceive how this could possibly be enacted, for the money spent upon the inauguration is, all but an insignificant portion, provided not by the general Government, but by private citizens; and Americans would as peaceably submit to an infringement of their constitutional right to worship God after the dictates of their conscience as to any legislative interference with their right to spend money if they choose.



MR. MCKINLEY DELIVERING HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

From a Sketch by C. Handlee, Washington.

inspiring draught of patriotism to everyone beholding it. Sixty thousand men were in line. There were troops of the regular army transported from every part of the Continent; there were American sailors come ashore to demonstrate the glory of the American Navy; there were the Government Military School from West Point,

gold of the trappings of rank and the steel of armed power. Washington went mad decorating in honour of McKinley's inauguration. Everything along the line of march lost its character, good or bad, in a delirium of national colours. Even the solemn and sublime Corinthian pillars of the venerable grey Treasury





MUTINY OF THE MUSSULMAN GENDARMES IN CANEA: COLONEL BOR ADDRESSING THE PRISONERS BEFORE THEIR DEPARTURE TO PRISON AND THENCE TO SMYRNA.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



T H E E A S T E R N C R I S I S .

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THE TURKISH BASTION IN CANEA, WITH THE FLAGS OF THE SIX POWERS FLYING.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



T H E E A S T E R N C R I S I S .



MUTINY OF THE MUSSULMAN GENDARMES IN CANEA: ITALIAN AND RUSSIAN MARINES ATTACKING THE MUTINEERS.

*From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.*

*On March 2 the old Turkish gendarmerie mutinied, on the ground that their pay was twelve months in arrear. Colonel Bor assembled the mutineers and offered them three months' pay, but this compromise was refused. Having called out a force of marines and sailors, Colonel Bor commanded the mutineers to surrender. This the malcontents refused to do, but after a sharp encounter they surrendered and were marched off to prison.*



T H E   E A S T E R N   C R I S I S .



A PROTESTATION MEETING OUTSIDE THE ROYAL PALACE, ATHENS.

*Constitution Square, in front of the Royal Palace at Athens, has been the scene of several great popular demonstrations during the present crisis. The two largest gatherings have been that of February 22, when some thirty thousand Greeks assembled to express their indignation at the action of the Combined Fleet of the Powers in firing upon the insurgent position; and that of March 4, when a mass meeting was held to protest against the Collective Note of the Powers.*





MUTINY OF THE MUSSULMAN GENDARMES IN CANEA: COLONEL BOR ENDEAVOURING TO CONTROL THE MUTINEERS, AND THEIR COLONEL, SULEIMAN BEY, SHOT DEAD.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Milton Prior.

In the encounter between Colonel Bor's force and the mutinous gendarmerie, Suleiman Bey, the Colonel of the mutineers, was shot down by his own men while he was endeavouring to prevent them from firing on the pickets. The casualties included two other deaths, and several men on both sides badly wounded, before the mutineers were overpowered.



## THE ROMANCE OF A KING'S LIFE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

French men of letters usually know either nothing at all about England or they know a great deal. M. Jules Lemaitre cannot read Shakspeare in the original, and probably half of the Forty Academicians, at least, are in the same condition. Now in an English-chosen Forty probably not one would be ignorant of French. This is the result of our deplorable insularity. On the other hand, Sainte-Beuve, Taine, M. Paul Bourget, and M. Jusserand are examples of French scholars who have known English literature better than most Englishmen.

M. Jusserand extends his lore to his country's old ally, Scotland. In his *Romance of a King's Life* (Fisher Unwin) he describes the aspect of Scotland. He makes it a good deal too bare. The Moor of Rannoch, or the moors beyond New Galloway or about Dalnaspidal, are not types of all Scotland. Fife, the Lothians, much of Ross, Moray, and the Border counties, do not answer to the description. "Heather is the great friend; without heather human life would cease on the hills of Scotland." Hardly! Grouse would die, but sheep would improve. "It gives the clear flame that warms the hearth and lights the house." Peat, where there is no coal, is commonly used for these domestic purposes. "It forms the roof of the abode." I must admit that straw thatch is more familiar, in my own experience, where slate cannot be got.

The misfortunes of James I. began, perhaps, at his birth: the Stuarts were a luckless race. In 1405 he was piratically seized on his way to study in France by the minions of Henry IV., the usurper who ousted Richard II., himself the very pattern of a Stuart in all but pedigree. James was a captive for eighteen years. James's father died in a year, of a broken heart; James himself fell in love with Jane Beaufort. M. Jusserand believes in the King's poem of his love, the "Kingis Quair," though pedants, as usual, try to show that it was written by somebody else. Like Charles d'Orléans, the King beguiled captivity with song. In 1423, Henry V. being dead (in consequence of robbing a Scottish saint in France), James was restored to his country; in 1424 he married Jane Beaufort. The King was crowned at Scone by the founder of the University of St. Andrews. James never paid his ransom; the English brigands kept his hostages. The King reduced feudal disorder and favoured representative institutions. Heretics and Highlanders were put down by the strong hand. Unlike a Stuart, James was not "the father of his people" in a licentious way. He was champion putter of the stone, a good archer, a noted tennis-player, yet an enemy of football. But Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, who did not enjoy Scotland, says that the King was very fat. The Scots replied that he was all muscle; his family, certainly, have been slim. The Dauphin (Charles VII.) sent in 1427 to woo James's child daughter for his son Louis, a small boy. To this Jeanne d'Arc referred when she said that she alone, and not the Scottish King's daughter, could save France. In 1434 Regnault Girard sailed to bring home the bride. He nearly discovered America by accident, being driven far west of Ireland. Margaret was cruelly ill-treated by her husband; her bad health was unfeelingly attributed to her habit of writing rondels. She died in 1445. James's end came of his Reforms. Robert Graham tried to arrest the King in full Parliament (on some Liberal pretext); James

arrested him, but neglected the obvious precaution of hanging him. Graham escaped to the wild Scots, whence he proclaimed James deposed, exactly as Cargill and Cameron did to Charles II. Omens, prophecies, dreams were in the air. On Feb. 20, 1437, James was foully murdered: the scene is familiar in poetry; for example, in Rossetti's ballad. The story of Catherine Bar-lass, of the broken arm, comes only late in the work of the mendacious



Photo Koller, Budapest.

BARON BANFFY, THE HUNGARIAN PREMIER.

Boece. Jane Beaufort had the assassins tortured to death with a ferocity which, even then, was reckoned exquisite. James's exactions were probably the cause of his doom, but nobody who tried to keep the Scots in any kind of order had much chance of escaping the dirk. They were constitutionally "against the Government." Giving only the picturesque aspect of James's career, M. Jusserand does not go into minute details of legislation. He tells, in a picturesque manner, a tale notably picturesque. Pinturicchio's picture of a Scottish landscape, photographed here, is Florentine, but French readers of M. Jusserand must not expect to find the whole country a grouse-moor, even north of Loch Ness. I believe he knows my country better than I do; my criticisms of his descriptions of scenery, and of heather as the staple of existence, are given "under all reserves."

## THE HUNGARIAN PREMIER.

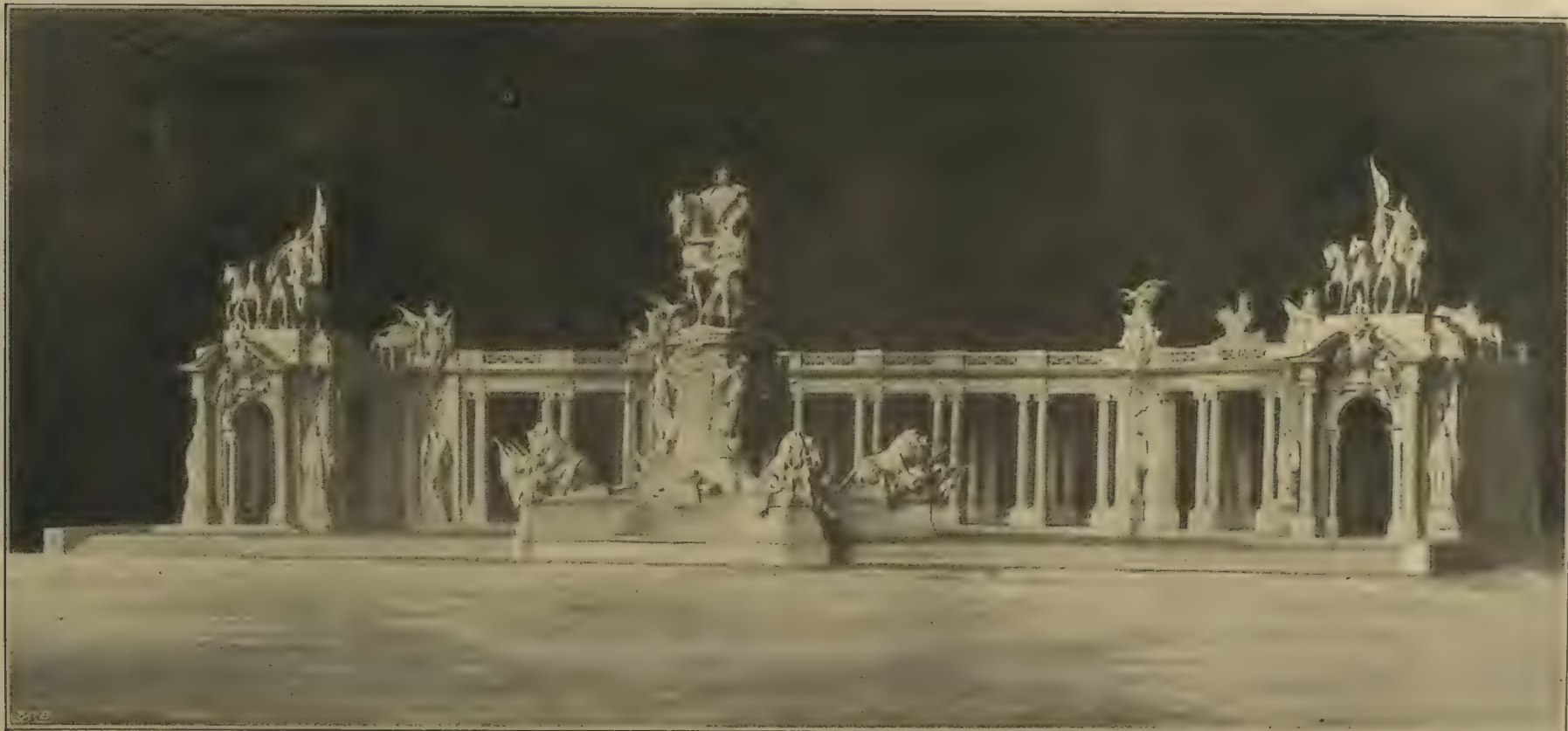
All save his political opponents have sympathised with Baron Banffy, the Hungarian Premier, in the very delicate position in which he has lately been placed. That the Premier acted in all good faith in his use of a private letter which he found among his papers, and the origin of which he did not pause to consider, has been sufficiently established by the frank regret of his statements on the subject in the minds of all to whom the incident does not mean so much party capital, but the derogatory nature of the affair must necessarily have left the Prime Minister's authority not quite so high as it stood before. The letter in question, it seems, was originally addressed to the People's party by a Nationalist deputy, and was read among other evidence by the Prime Minister at the Budget debate, in which he declared that at the last general election the National party had been closely allied with the Clerical or "Anti-National" People's party. The Opposition furiously demanded whence this letter had been obtained, and Baron Banffy has had the humiliating task of tracing the steps by which the document drifted into his possession, all unknown to himself. The document was sent by a journalist to the Under-Secretary to the Home Office, who added it to existing evidence of negotiations between the two opposition parties in the Hungarian political world of to-day.

## MONUMENT TO THE EMPEROR WILLIAM I. AT BERLIN.

One of the principal ceremonies on the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of the Emperor William I. is to be the unveiling of an equestrian statue, which is the central feature of the so-called "National Monument" erected opposite the Castle at Berlin. It may be of interest, therefore, to record the main events which have led to the erection of this memorial, a photograph of which is here reproduced. After the death of the Emperor William I. in 1888 a unanimous desire almost immediately prevailed in the country that a great national monument should be erected as a memorial to a Sovereign who was so much revered, and that no expense on the part of the nation, or effort on the part of the artists, should be spared in the matter. A preliminary competition for "an idea," as it was called, was opened in March 1889.

Public and expert opinion was much in favour of a Pantheon, but the present Emperor was, however, strongly opposed to the idea, and without delay had models of a miniature monument opposite his Schloss prepared by his Court sculptor, Reinhold Begas, the well-known Court architect, Herr Ihne, also being consulted.

The position of the monument is exactly opposite the principal entrance to the Emperor's royal Castle. It faces the Castle and has its back to the river Spree. In this position it is dwarfed by the enormous structure of the Castle, whilst the river Spree, with its barge traffic, scarcely adds to its dignity. The colonnade, however, is certainly well designed, and the symbolical reliefs, when all in position, should be interesting. The statue itself shows the Emperor on a charger, led by the allegorical figure of Victory. Symbolical sculptures on the pediment represent Peace and War, and four enormous lions stand at the corners. The height of the statue and pediment together is seventy-two feet.



MONUMENT TO THE EMPEROR WILLIAM I. AT BERLIN.

From a Photograph supplied by Mr. Edwin Sachs.



## LITERATURE.

## MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN'S NEW BOOK.

Miss Beatrice Harraden, being the authoress of "Ships that Pass in the Night," has written more powerful and intensely pathetic fiction than *Hilda Strafford* (Blackwood), but we doubt whether she has achieved anything more thoroughly artistic. It is a delineation of three figures set in a Californian landscape, whose unfamiliarity heightens the romantic charm, while, carefully depicted as it is, it is never allowed to usurp the leading place which rightfully belongs to human passions and emotions. The story is of the utmost simplicity, entirely depending upon the mutual relations of three personages of everyday occurrence: the generous and affectionate man who has sacrificed his life to a cold-hearted woman; this person herself, repellent in her selfishness, yet in her way also an object of pity, and half redeemed by strength of character and a latent capacity for passion; and the true, noble-hearted friend of them both. Here are the materials of which an average novelist would have made a supremely disagreeable story, but Miss Harraden's moulding hand is guided by a nice instinct of art, and, without violation of nature or probability, she arrives at a conclusion sorrowful indeed, but in which the reader's judgment and feeling acquiesce. The little story appended, "The Remittance Man," another Californian tale, is very slight and apparently artless, but, in fact, adapted with consummate skill to the situation and the characters of the only two personages. The incident on which it mainly turns, described as "The Butt-End of a Gun," first moves by its pathos and then pleases as a token of constructive forethought, provided for as it has been from the very beginning of the story.

RICHARD GARNETT.

## ON THE WAR-PATH FROM CAIRO TO THE CONGO.

As Mr. A. Hilliard Atteridge, special correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* with the late Dongola expeditionary force, was first in the field with his mailed account of the battle of Ferkeh—and priority is everything in war-correspondence—so he has also been first in the field with a book—*Towards Khartoum: The Story of the Sudan War of 1896* (A. D. Innes and Co.)—on the first stage of the movement to recover to Egypt and to civilisation the stronghold of the Khalifa. Mr. Atteridge's volume is naturally based on some of the letters and telegrams which he sent to his journal from the Nile; but these have been rearranged and supplemented in the light of subsequent sources of information, and the whole worked up into a complete and consistent account of one of the best planned and most successful expeditions that was ever commanded by a British officer. In addition to taking with him a graphic, precise, and well-trained pen, Mr. Atteridge also included in his kit a hand-camera, by the aid of which he has interspersed his volume with a mass of characteristic and interesting illustrations which are sometimes much more telling in their descriptive power than mere words, as anyone, for example, who has heard and seen Dr. Nansen lecture with the aid of his limelight views will readily understand. Moreover, the historical value is greatly enhanced by its excellent maps. Though well qualified by his special labours as a student of military history and his status as a zealous volunteer officer to act the part of a critic, Mr. Atteridge wisely preferred confining himself to the rôle of a chronicler—painstaking, fair, clear, and picturesque, which is, after all, the primary, as it, perhaps, in normal circumstances should be the sole, duty of the war-correspondent.

But even if Mr. Atteridge had felt inclined to take a leaf out of the note-book of some of the more captious members of his confraternity, he would have found marvellously little to criticise in the conduct of an expedition which was managed so supremely well, unless, perhaps, he had felt inclined to gird at the Sirdar about the galling degree of restraint which he thought proper to impose upon the men whom Lord Wolseley once scrupled not to denounce as the "curse of modern armies," in the execution of their no less difficult than dangerous duties. But when the very gods, as Schiller tells us, find it vain to fight against folly, so also the war-correspondents with the Dongola Expedition deemed it wiser to bow, though not, perhaps, without demur, to the circumscribing decrees of Sir Herbert Kitchener anent their activity in the field. Perhaps Mr. Atteridge is at his best when describing the battle of Ferkeh, of which he was a close spectator; and it says much for his spirit of courage and enterprise that, after despatching a telegram, he was the first to ride back through the desert to his postal base at Akasha—a ride not without its dangers—and mail home a letter descriptive of the fight, which was printed in London a whole week before any other letter from the battlefield. The opportunities for distinction of this kind are now so few and far between, by reason of the perfection of the modern means of communication, that Mr. Atteridge may be congratulated for having scored so well over his rivals on this occasion.

If the soup which is offered us by Mr. Atteridge is clear and tasty enough, it is perhaps a trifle thin in comparison with the strong and invigorating potage presented to us by his colleague of the *Times*, Mr. E. F. Knight, who, in his *Letters from the Sudan* (Macmillan and Co.), has followed suit by publishing what will doubtless prove to be the best account of the Dongola Expedition. Unlike Mr. Atteridge, who has re-arranged, touched up, and supplemented his reports from the Nile, Mr. Knight, with not a word of preface or explanation, merely gives us a consecutive print of his letters to the *Times*; and that they stand the test of narrative criticism so well without having been subjected to any previous process of an editorial, or say sartorial kind, speaks volumes for their solid, original value. With the promptness of an energetic nature, Mr. Knight rushes at once in *medias res*, and spares us, so to speak, the mere tuning of his instrument; nor are we ever offered the record of his

personal experiences and relations unless these have some direct bearing on a question of the campaign. Of this campaign he conveys to us the inwardness as well as the outwardness in the most admirable manner, and proves himself, in short, to be a war-correspondent *comme-il-faut*. His style is scholarly, terse, cogent, and unaffected; and it would be hard to come across a more effective bit of writing than the account of his enterprising camel-ride through the desert from Korosko to the Wells of Murat and back to Wady Halfa, as a means of passing his time profitably while the expedition was preparing for action. His description of the battle of Ferkeh, too, leaves nothing to be desired, and as he accompanied the expedition to its very goal—to Dongola—before returning to Cairo, he may well claim to be its narrative Xenophon—the more so as, like the historian of the immortal Ten Thousand, he blends harmoniously the spirit of philosophical reflection and inquiry with the objective sense of the picturesque storyteller. The value of his work is enhanced by excellent maps, as well as by a series of most charming illustrations.

Mr. Knight writes well, but by no means better, than his campaigning colleague, the artist-correspondent of *The Illustrated London News*, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright, who, in a charmingly chatty little volume—*Soudan, '96: The Adventures of a War-Artist* (Horace Cox)—has given us the cream of his personal experience with the Dongola Expedition. Content to leave to others the chronicling of military details in their historical sequence, Mr. Wright has confined himself to the reproduction of such impressions as he might have sent home to a private friend in moments of leisure; and from his lightly touched chapters, interspersed as they are with some of his own black-and-white sketches on the spot, it is clear that, in addition to his artistic power, he possesses a literary skill which even some professional writers might envy. Of this skill the chief features are its simplicity and directness, and the humour of the writer is as marked as the kindness of his criticisms. Without straining after effect, he has



Photo Midgley Asquith, Harrogate.

WRITERS OF THE DAY: No. XXV.—MISS HARRADEN.

It is now rather more than three years since the peculiar charm of Miss Beatrice Harraden's first book, "Ships that Pass in the Night," won a sufficiently firm hold on the public attention to make the appearance of a new volume by the same author an event of more than ordinary interest. Miss Harraden's second book, "In Varying Moods," a volume of short stories, sustained, if it did not increase, her reputation. Her new volume, the outcome of a sojourn in California, is reviewed in these columns, and it is understood that she has a long novel almost ready for the press. Miss Harraden is a daughter of Mr. Samuel Harraden, a native of Cambridge, well known as a musician and musical agent in Cileutta, and is a sister of Miss Ethel Harraden, the composer.

conspicuously achieved it, and not in the least drawing the long bow he has shown, more by implication than by assertion; how difficult and dangerous is the career of the war-artist, and what it costs him in comfort to minister to the curiosity and enlightenment of the "gentlemen of England who live at home at ease." His adventures on the Nile may be skipped through in a couple of hours that will seem to pass like so many minutes.

And then here comes Mr. Anthony Wilkin, another Egyptian entertainer, in response to the chronic demand, *Quid novi ex Africa?*—with his *On the Nile with a Camera* (T. Fisher Unwin). In some respects Mr. Wilkin's book is supplemental to the works of the war-correspondents, seeing that with his camera he "was privileged to obtain pictures of many places daily mentioned in the newspapers as the scene of military preparations, arrivals, and departures." Not a war-correspondent himself, Mr. Wilkin pursued his assiduous career as a Nile pilgrim "in the comfortable capacity of a mere Cook tourist," and his sojourning in the land of the Pharaohs was confined to a period of six weeks. That a work, therefore, embodying the studies of so brief a time in the valley of the Nile should either be original or profound was not to be expected. Indeed Mr. Wilkin's book is little more than a mere volume of photographs accompanied by pages of letterpress concocted from the guide-books and the guides and the personal impressions of the writer. At the same time, Mr. Wilkin has managed to overcome some of the

climatic and other difficulties with which the busy practitioners of what he calls the "black art" have had to contend with in the valley of the Nile, with the result that he has presented us with a very fair array indeed of all those Egyptian—

Temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,  
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

That civilisation is now making rapid progress, not only on the Nile, but also on the next greatest of African rivers, the Congo, is proved no less by the Anglo-Egyptian victories in the district of the former stream than by the triumphs of the Belgians in that of the latter. *Mahomed—c'est l'ennemi!* Such must be the conviction of all who have to grapple with the problem of African conquest and civilisation. And as the power, the devastating power, of Mahomed was established on the Upper Nile, first by the Mahdi and then by the Khalifa, so it also threatened to incorporate itself on the Upper Congo in the person of Sefu, the ambitious son of the notorious slave-trader, Tippoo Tib, or "Gatherer Together of Wealth." The development of the Free State into the interior of Africa from the mouth of the Congo made the Arab slave-traders from Zanzibar tremble for the security of what had so long been their bloody hunting-grounds of human flesh in the centre of the Dark Continent, and "since each was bent upon supremacy within the same area, it was evident that the extinction of one power or the other could alone solve the problem." How this problem was ultimately solved in a sense disastrous to Mahomedan aims has now been graphically described to us by Captain Sidney Langford Hinde in *The Fall of the Congo Arabs* (Methuen and Co.), a work which will be read by all true friends of freedom and humanity with the keenest sense of exultation. Captain Hinde, who enjoyed a medical training, joined the Congo State forces in their conflict with the Western Arabs, and after much fighting the latter were finally worsted with an estimated loss of no fewer than seventy thousand men, the greater portion of this, however, falling on their native allies. The record of the advance on Dongola is a stirring enough story, but it pales in interest before all the tales of fighting, cannibalism, and massacre connected with the Belgian march on Kasongo and Nyangwe. Captain Hinde has proved himself to be as good a writer as he is a fighter, and those who wish to re-enjoy the kind of interest which they felt in the perusal of Stanley's books cannot do better than take up his exciting record of battle and conquest in the centre of the Dark Continent.

CHARLES LOWE.

## A LITERARY LETTER.

Is there a Byron "boom"? Dr. Robertson Nicoll, in his London Letter to the *New York Bookman*, says that there is not. I do not think the word "boom" is a good one to apply to a literary movement; but if it is a question as to whether there is a distinct revival of interest in Lord Byron's personality and poetry, I have not the faintest hesitation in saying that there very emphatically is—in this country at least. I am not concerned as to whether Mr. Heinemann's edition of Byron has been selling well. It was, perhaps, rather rash to announce twelve volumes of Byron, even under so gifted an editor as Mr. Henley, at a time when it was known that a rival edition would contain a mass of new material provided by Byron's executors. Further, Mr. Heinemann's edition is not a book which invites a very popular audience. Mr. Heinemann would probably say that to this he did not aspire; that if he should sell—as he is sure to do—some fifteen hundred sets he will have done very well.

But that there is a distinct revival of interest in Byron I have abundant evidence. For twenty years or more, prior to the last few months, Byron had completely fallen out of sight. On the one side we had Wordsworth, hailed by Mr. Matthew Arnold as our greatest modern poet, and supported in that view by a number of gifted men of letters. Who that was present will forget Mr. Arnold's eloquent declamation in the Jerusalem Chamber, with Mr. Lowell, Lord Coleridge, and a number of other now deceased worthies in the audience!

On the other side we had the Shelley cult—the young men of intellectual strenuousness who shared Shelley's passion for reforming the world. Shelley's name was for a full quarter of a century the war-cry of all aspiring talent. But the times have changed; there will be no more meetings on behalf of Wordsworth in the Jerusalem Chamber, and the strenuous young men are all reading Ibsen. This is Byron's opportunity, and I can promise Dr. Nicoll, or any other literary critic who wants to be in the new movements, that he may rely upon the reality of the Byron "boom."

Meanwhile, Mr. Heinemann sends me a copy of a limited edition of Mr. Henley's "Byron"—not a large-paper edition, I am glad to say. That method of making books into uncomfortable shapes is nearly exploded. This limited edition, on hand-made paper and in half-vellum binding, is everything that a book should be.

Most of us who remember Mr. Henley's editorship of the *National Observer* will hear of its decease with a pang. Under its present editorship also it has been uniformly interesting, notably with the article entitled "A Literary Looker-On." It is to be incorporated with the *British Review*. Another journalistic change is the purchase of the *Minute* by a syndicate, which includes Mr. Silas Hocking, the popular novelist, Mr. Frederick Atkins, the proprietor and editor of the *Young Man*, Mr. James Bowden, the publisher, and Mr. Horace Marshall, of the well-known news agency. This galaxy of talent and business capacity should do something with any journal. But one notes that all the publishers are aspiring to be newspaper proprietors, and all the newspaper proprietors are aspiring to be publishers.

C. K. S.



## ART NOTES.

The Royal Academy, as is well known, openly requests that all criticism of the exhibited pictures may be postponed until after the Private View. The Royal Institute improves upon this by inviting prospective or expected purchasers to see its members' work before the representatives of the Press. The committee of the Royal Institute are wise in their generation, and it is to be hoped that this novel practice has been rewarded by success, for, in truth, it would be difficult to pick out many works from the present exhibition for special notice. The President, Sir J. D. Linton, cannot but display his unrivalled skill in the use of water-colours, and with them obtains textures and tones which are beyond criticism; but his rendering of personages over whose names poetry, tradition, and individual sympathy have thrown a halo is disappointing in the extreme. His *Rosalind* is neither arch nor graceful, while his *"Shylock and Jessica"* suggest the combination of Lord Salisbury and Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

When the President fails to reach a high degree of excellence, it is scarcely fair to look for anything much above the level of "pot-boilers" from the rank and file. Mr. Alfred Parsons' *"Warley Place and Somersetshire Valley,"* Mr. Edward Gregory's *"Miller's Daughter,"* Mr. Thomas Pyne's *"Harvest Time"* and *"Barges at Flatford"* are very charming, but, at the same time, very slight evidence of the work of which these artists are respectively capable. Mr. Wimpérís comes out with considerable strength in *"The Top of the Down"* and other breezy works; and Mr. James Orrock shows his skill in painting in the style of Constable. Mr. J. Huson's *"Last Furrow"* is an unfortunate adaptation of a title already used to greater advantage; and Mr. Steer seems to read his *"Nickleby"* very differently from most of the devotees of Dickens. Amongst the outsiders, Miss R. A. Matthews' *"After Sunset,"* Mr. M. B. Huish's *"Where Tor and Torridge Meet,"* Mr. Marjoribanks Hay's *"St. Abb's,"* and Miss M. Brown's *"Silvery Moonlight"* are a pleasant relief among their surroundings, of which in many cases the admission is difficult to explain.

The West Gallery of the Royal Institute is on this occasion given up to the display of the prizes offered to subscribers to the Art Union lottery by which it is proposed to mark the year. The Council have come to the conclusion that it would be a very practical boon to the exhibitors generally if the percentage on pictures sold at the Institute could be done away with. At the same time the annual subscription levied upon members falls heavily upon a certain section, and if the Art Union should prove successful they will be relieved of this charge. The attractions offered to subscribers are varied and substantial, for in addition to nearly two hundred pictures in oils and water-colours—some of considerable value—by present members, there are fifty sketches by deceased artists, which will attract connoisseurs and collectors. Among these are works by Gainsborough, Turner, De Wint, Varley, Constable, Holland, and Prout, and many others, some of whom are scarcely so well known as they deserve—as, for instance, M. A. Rooker, L. Francia, G. F. Robson, and H. Edridge.

An interesting experiment is about to be made at the School of Art Wood-Carving at the Central Technical College, South Kensington, which should excite some interest in those who desire to see a revival of English wood-carving. An expert in the art, Mr. W. H. Grimwood, proposes to

the mastery of the human face is the starting point of successful wood-carving, and the treatment of ornament can be only successfully pursued by those who have, as it were, studied from the life.

Another exhibition of the late Mr. Du Maurier's work, to keep his memory green, might seem unnecessary, and



THE BENIN EXPEDITION: WAR-CANOE OF CHIEF DORE.

Chief Dore is the successor of Nana, of Old Benin, and it was to him that Major Crawford's rings were sent as a proof that the white men had been massacred.

the danger of over-taxing public patience too great; but the Fine Art Society's action is thoroughly justified by the display on its walls. The interest will be centred in two or three groups of drawings, which lay outside the field in which Du Maurier was best known. The thirteen illustrations to *"Esmond,"* although deficient in some of the technical qualities which marked his later work (they are, in fact, distinctly flat), have all the interest which attaches to personal interpretation. Dating from about 1869, the drawings owe nothing to the writer's suggestions; in fact, it is doubtful if Thackeray and Du Maurier ever met; but they show how thoroughly the younger man entered into the other's ideas. The French nonsense-verses, on the other hand, show the draughtsman when he was at the best of his powers, and in these, again, he has shaken himself free of the prettiness, often combined with insipidity, which marked his *"Society"* pictures. Du Maurier's charm lay in gracefulness of line, not in imaginative or creative work, and it is therefore that we welcome such pictures as

devoting himself to the study of the Reformation period. I do not think it has been mentioned that he was the author of the ferocious attacks on the reformers which created so much sensation when they were published in the *Saturday Review*. He was a member of the *Saturday Review* staff under the first editor, Mr. J. D. Cook. What an editor Cook was! What skill he showed in selecting a corps of contributors who were learned, who had convictions, and who could express themselves with nerve and point! This is all the more wonderful when it is considered that Cook could not write himself, or, at least, did not to any extent. I believe no article from his pen ever appeared in the *Saturday*. Pocock wrote also in the *Athenæum*, and perhaps the first articles to which his name was signed appeared in the *Academy*. Like so many other champions of the High Church revival, Neale, Littledale, and Isaac Williams, he received no recognition from the Church. He was in his eighty-fifth year when he died, and continued his activity to the last.

The High Church party make curious comments on the secession of Father Maturin to the Church of Rome. One writer says that Father Maturin has no faculty of logic, and that his convictions in favour of Rome had been well known for years. He blames the London clergymen who, in the full knowledge of this fact, invited him to their pulpits. It is said that a considerable time ago the then Bishop of Chichester (Dr. Durnford) wrote to Father Maturin saying that as long as his views remained as they did he would not absolutely prevent him preaching in the diocese, but he must insist upon the promise that he would not attempt to get close to the people, as in a mission. Father Maturin shared with Father Black a popularity which extended to society as well as to his pulpit work.

The reply of the Archbishops to the Papal Bull is approved of by the Evangelical organ, the *Record*. It says the document is conceived in no bitter resentful spirit. It is meeting a charge which in itself is an insult of peculiar malignity, but it replies in terms of studied courtesy, with absolute calmness, and with the quiet confidence proper to those upon whose side truth lies. In dignity, in learning, and in logical force it leaves nothing to be desired. The Evangelicals hold, or at least used to hold, that episcopacy was not of the essence of a Church. Would they say that if High Churchmen take another view they are guilty of an insult of "peculiar malignity" toward Nonconformists?

The proposed presentation to the Bishop of St. Asaph as a recognition of his unflagging labours on behalf of the Church in Wales has taken definite shape, the committee which was formed some time ago for its promotion, under the presidency of Colonel Cornwallis West, having decided that a portion of the offering shall take the form of a portrait of his Lordship, to be painted by Mr. Orchardson. The sum of £1000 has already been subscribed by the many appreciators of the Bishop's work, and the list will be closed at Easter.

The meetings of the Free Church Council in London have been eminently successful. Large crowds have attended, and the speaking has been, on the whole, vigorous and felicitous. Much enthusiasm prevailed at the meetings. As many Unionists belong to the Council, and as it is decided that no political colour should be imparted to its proceedings, the speeches on Crete were cautious, although explicit in their protest against the coercion of Greece.

The Rev. J. E. Andrewes Reeve, Rector of Lambeth, wishes to put a memorial of Archbishop Benson in Lambeth Parish Church. The Archbishop frequently worshipped there. Mr. Reeve proposes a font for adult baptisms in the baptistery, a matter in which the Archbishop was deeply interested.



THE BENIN EXPEDITION: NATIVE CHIEFS AT SAPELE.

The last meeting of chiefs at Sapele before the massacre, each chief with his own standard-bearer going down Government Wharf.

SEE "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS."

give a series of demonstrations by means of which the actual process of carving from the original block will be exemplified. In the first lesson the proportions of the human face will alone be dealt with—showing the relative significance to be given to eye, nose, mouth, etc. In the subsequent lessons a practical demonstration of carving the whole face will be given. In the opinion of those competent to speak,

those mentioned, and in a lesser degree the illustrations to *"A Dream,"* as indicative of the possibilities of his talent, had he not found an easier vein to work in the fashions and frivolities of his day. The prefatory note to the catalogue, of which the author is not difficult to guess, is one of the most delicate and appreciative tributes from a friend's pen which Du Maurier's memory has received.



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The gruesome murder of the little urchin at Godalming, following hard, as it does, upon the crime of the South-Western line, and preceded, as it has been during the last decade, by such horrible outrages as the "Jack the Ripper" series, may well cause one to stop and ask oneself whether our boasted civilisation is not somewhat of an exaggeration. There appears to be little or no mystery with regard to the motives of the assassin who did his terrible work in the Surrey copse; on the other hand, there seems to be a good deal too much mystery attributed to the slayer of the ill-fated Miss Camp, and it is with the last-named deed that I am as much concerned as with the other. Years and years ago, long before the slaughtering and mutilation of six or seven unfortunate women was accomplished by some fiend in human shape—whether this fiend was sane or insane—in fact, at the time of the Coram Street murder, I was the guest of a friend at a London club, and after dinner the crime was being discussed by perhaps half-a-dozen men, all of whom, without exception, may be described as highly intelligent. In the course of the conversation, I made the remark that every country should have a school for the detection of crime, just as it has schools for mining, for engineering, etc.

My interlocutors were, of course, too polite to laugh in my face, but I verily believe that they suspected me of having taken leave of my senses. Time went on, and I met the same set of men over and over again, and they rarely forgot to ask me what had become of my plan for the establishment of a school for the detection of crime. I do not often see them now, but I know that they are just as unconvinced of the feasibility of the project as I feel convinced that it could be carried out. Their main objection is summed up in two lines. "Whence would you recruit your students?" "What is the course of study you would have them pursue?" "Where are the teachers to come from?"

The first question appears the most difficult of solution, yet in reality it might be the easiest to solve. Frankly speaking, there is a social prejudice against detectives, which may or may not spring from the fact that, as a rule, they are promoted to their position from the ordinary body, let us say from the rank and file of the police. Worthy as these men undoubtedly are, their education, in nine cases out of ten, prevents them from associating on terms of equality with the better classes. When we remember that this prejudice existed until very recently with regard to the majority of actors and actresses, and that this prejudice has practically ceased to exist owing to the fact that actors and actresses of the present day are recruited from a better stratum of society than they used to be, there is no reason why the prejudice should not be removed in the instance under consideration.

What would be their course of study? The criminal annals of every civilised country under the sun; modern languages, and what, for want of a better term, I must call sensational fiction. For the unravelling of a very mysterious crime I would have backed Wilkie Collins and Mrs. Henry Wood in the past, I would back in the present Dr. Conan Doyle and Miss Braddon, against all the detectives in Europe. There is not a single crime committed in real life which has not its counterpart in fiction; there is not a single crime imagined by the greatest of sensational novelists which had not its origin in real life. The plot of "The Woman in White"—than which no more startling work exists—may be found in parts in the criminal annals of Brunswick-Wolfenbützel of the beginning of the eighteenth century, in other parts in the criminal annals of Touraine of the middle of the sixteenth century. When on Sunday morning July 10, 1864, England stood aghast at the murder of Mr. Briggs on the North London line, England little knew—and the detectives were probably as ignorant—that the murderer had merely imitated a semi-countryman of his, named Jud, who about four years previously had committed two similar crimes, one on the person of a Russian physician named Heppé, in the railway between Zillisheim and Illfurth, in Lower Alsace; the other on the person of M. Poinot, the President of the Imperial High Court in Paris. The knowledge of these two facts and all the particulars connected with them would have materially assisted the detectives, for the knowledge of parallels in crime is useful; yet it was owing to a fluke that Franz Müller had his deserts.

A knowledge of the career of the infamous Philippe, who butchered Paris unfortunates just as "Jack the Ripper" butchered London ones, might, I do not say would, have put a stop to the latter's doings at the beginning. An acquaintance with the criminal annals of Berlin and an application to the veteran Criminal Commissary Carl Weien—if he be alive, to his successors if he be dead—would have in all likelihood brought to light by now the forgers of the Bank of England notes of whom we have heard so much of late. The case of Papavoine, about which there was no mystery, for he murdered in open daylight, just like the Godalming murderer, would tell those whom it concerns most what to do with homicidal maniacs after they have accomplished their fell designs, and probably prevent their execution for the future. Some two years ago, a couple in the neighbourhood of Vienna took to waylaying servant-girls in search of situations and despatching them for their small possessions. The two miscreants had probably read about the diabolical French couple, Dunollard and his wife, whose proceedings they imitated in every detail.

Space fails to work out my theory as I could wish. With regard to the teachers of such an institution as I have in my mind's eye, I intend to say something at the first convenient opportunity.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W. CLUGSTON (Bedford).—We shall examine your problem carefully, and trust to find a satisfactory result of such perseverance.

R. E. BOLTON (Redruth).—In England on the white squares, in Scotland on the black, so it is not a matter of importance.

P. DALY (Clapham).—We have to consider a more advanced class than those unacquainted with the smothered mate. This in itself would prevent us publishing your problem.

FRANK PROCTOR (West Bergholt).—When you send the solution of No. 2761 you might show us the dual.

C. W. (Sunbury).—Received with thanks.

A. A. BOWLEY (Henfield).—Thanks for the game, which shall appear in due course.

F. HOOPER (Putney).—"Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern," would probably best answer your purpose.

AUGUSTUS B. (Grosvenor Square).—We are afraid you must try to find the right solution of No. 2761 before condemning it.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2755 received from C. A. M. (Penang) and Thomas B. Laurent (Bombay); of No. 2756 from Upendranath Maitra (Chinsurah) and Mrs. T. Laurent (Bombay); of 2757 from Evans (Port Hope, Ont.), Upendranath Maitra (Chinsurah), and Thomas B. Laurent (Bombay); of No. 2758 from Percy Charles (New York), Evans (Port Hope), B. F. Southwick (Boston, Mass.), and J. Kippax (Philadelphia); of No. 2759 from T. C. D. Evans (Port Hope), H. S. Brandreth (Cairo), and Thomas H. Butler (Jamestown, U.S.A.); of No. 2760 from H. S. Brandreth (Cairo), T. B. Ehlinger (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Eric (York), Thomas D. Brett (Bletchley), Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), W. H. Lunn (Cheltenham), and T. C. D.; of No. 2761 from W. S. Beeston, Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), Dane John, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), H. B. S. (Saffron Walden), Fred J. Gross, Alpha, C. E. M. (Ayr), Miss D. Gregson (Malvern), Albert Ludwig (Alsace), R. H. Brooks, W. H. Winterburn, J. S. Wesley (Exeter), Castle Lee, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Bluet, T. Roberts, J. V. Semik (Prague), J. Bailey (Newark), and Bryn Melyn (Penmaenmawr).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2762 received from Sorrento, Dr. F. St. F. Hooper (Putney), T. Roberts, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), E. Loudon, Eric (York), Ubique, F. W. C. (Edgbaston), J. Sowden, H. Le Jeune, F. James (Wolverhampton), E. P. Vulliamy, H. B. S. (Saffron Walden), J. F. Moon, T. G. (Ware), G. L. Gillespie, H. W. Winterburn, C. M. A. B., Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), W. David (Cardiff), Shadforth, Captain Challice (Great Yarmouth), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), W. R. B. (Clifton), R. Worters (Canterbury), Fred J. Gross, Miss D. Gregson (Manchester), Bluet, L. Desanges, Charles Burnett, T. Chown, W. d'A. Barnard (Uppingham), Albert Ludwig (Alsace), Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), F. Waller (Luton), Alpha, Bryn Melyn (Penmaenmawr), C. F. Josling (Dover), G. J. Veal, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), J. S. Wesley (Exeter), F. Anderson, R. H. Brooks, Joseph Cook, and C. E. M. (Ayr).

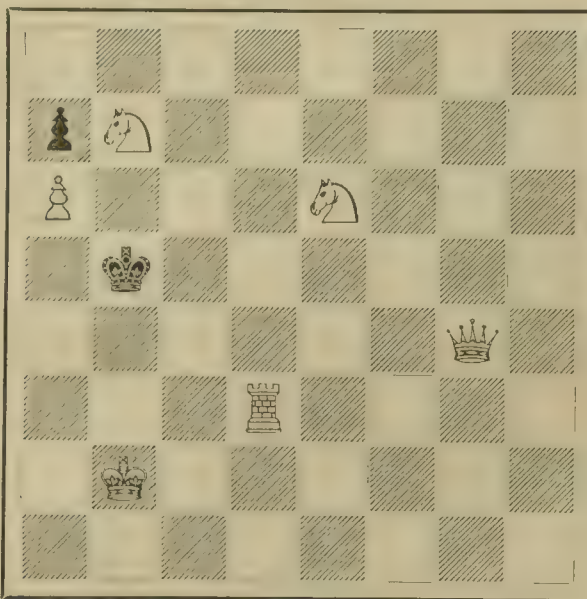
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2761.—By C. DAHL.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to K 3rd	K to Kt 5th
2. R to Kt 4th	Any move
3. B mates.	

If Black play 1. P to Kt 5th, 2. B to K 3rd (ch), K to Kt 4th; 3. Kt to B 7th, Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2764.—By W. FINLAYSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CONSULTATION CHESS.

Game played in one of the exhibitions given by Mr. LASKER recently in Birmingham. (Ray Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Allies).	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Allies).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	21. Kt to B 6th (ch)	K takes P
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	22. Kt takes R (ch)	K to B sq
3. B to Kt 5th	P to K Kt 3rd	23. Kt to Kt 3rd	
This may safely be pronounced as one of the weakest defences to the Ray Lopez, and yet it has produced some of the most interesting games on record, of which the present is one.			
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P	24. R takes R	R takes Q
5. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	25. Kt takes P	B to Q 2nd
6. B takes B		26. Q R to K sq	Q takes P
The exchange is made to break down the defences in which this Bishop is a powerful factor.			
7. Castles	Q takes B	27. Kt to K 6th (ch)	K to Kt sq
8. B takes Kt	Q P takes B	28. Kt to B 4th	Q to Kt 5th
9. Q takes P	Castles	29. R to K 6th	P to Kt 4th
10. Kt to B 3rd	P to K 3rd	30. Kt (at B 4) to R 5	Q to B 6th
11. K R to K sq	P to Kt 3rd	31. Kt to B 6th (ch)	K to B 2nd
12. P to K R 3rd	Kt to R 4th	32. Kt (at B 6) to K 4	
13. Q to K 3rd	Q to B 3rd	The game is a good one, and in the ending White shows great resource in a position of much difficulty.	
14. Kt to Q 4th	P to B 4th	32. B takes Kt	
15. K Kt to K 2nd	Q R to K sq	33. R (at K 6) takes B	Q to B 3rd
16. P to K Kt 4th	Kt to Kt 2nd	34. R to K 5th	Q to Q sq
17. P to K 5th	Q to R 5th	35. R to B 5th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
18. Kt to K 4th	P to B 4th	36. R to B 6th	Q to Kt 2nd (ch)
19. P takes P (en pass.)	B takes Kt P	37. K to Kt 2nd	P to K R 3rd
Here the fun begins, and it is lively enough to suit every taste. Doubtless Black relied upon the attack thus obtained, and, indeed, it required the most careful defence.			
20. P takes Kt	R to B 6th	38. R to K 7th (ch)	K to Kt 3rd
		39. R (at B 5) to K 5	P to Kt 5th
		40. R (at K 5th) to K 6th (ch)	K to Kt 4th
		White mates in two moves.	

The promoters of the exhibition of Gordon relics at the Royal United Service Institution deserve the thanks of the multitude of Englishmen who cherish the memory of their heroic countrymen. Here may be seen the famous Yellow Jacket of Chinese officialdom presented by the Emperor to General Gordon at the close of his command of his Chinese army, and the dress itself is made the more interesting by the exhibition of the autograph letter in which Gordon declined all rewards save this distinction, conferred upon no other European before or since. Other relics of General Gordon's Chinese career include a map drawn by his own hand in illustration of his Chinese campaigns, and the exhibits connected with his gallant service of his country in the Soudan are many and varied.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

My little lecture to the vegetarians is (to use an appropriate simile) bearing fruit. I have received a number of letters, critical and commendatory, and one or two which, judging from the tone and matter of the epistles, must either have been penned inside the walls of lunatic asylums or may be taken to demonstrate that the mildness of the character developed on a vegetarian régime is at least a matter of assumption only. I was specially interested to note that in several cases—which must be typical of very many one never hears of—the writers speak of their honest and persistent attempts to carry out vegetarian principles, but with the result that the régime was too severe, and that they only regained health and strength when they "returned to their muttons." Others tell me of improved health on vegetarian food, but own to taking milk and eggs, which in themselves are not only animal matters but are highly nutritious examples of animal foods. The correspondence only proves what I contended for—that vegetarianism, while it suits some, cannot possibly agree with all. It was the sweeping statement of the vegetarians that their system is the only perfect way in diet, to which I felt bound to object. They are not even agreed among themselves regarding the exact kinds of vegetable products best adapted for human food and for the development of all the virtues inherent in humanity; and, as many of them do take milk and eggs and cheese, it is difficult to see how they differ at all from ordinary mixed feeders.

Mr. Percival Lowell has been telling us the results of his researches into the constitution of the planet Venus, and certain of the conclusions at which he has arrived are startling enough in their nature. Of Venus we have confessedly known very little, but exceptional opportunities of study, and a careful use of these opportunities, afforded Mr. Lowell the chance of discovering something regarding the nature of our nearest neighbour among the planets. The information Mr. Lowell gives us is to the effect that Venus is a dead planet—as dead and cold as is our moon. But he urges that while the moon may have been "born dead," Venus has lived through her life, and has become practically extinct. Mercury, he adds, is probably in the same condition. Venus and Mercury both spin very slowly indeed. The axial machinery ran down very soon, as Mr. Lowell puts it, and left the planets practically "motionless, changeless, dead." Mr. Lowell's concluding words are so apt and poetic that I cannot forbear quoting them: "All the comeliness she may have had [speaking of Venus] in the morning of her prime, when the solar system itself was young, has gone from her never to return. As the Japanese prettily put it of a woman, the cherry-blossom has passed into the leaf. For she is no longer young; she is old, wrinkled, dead. Or shall we not better say she sleeps, though it be with the sleep from which there is no awakening? For it is fitting that she should still seem so fair to us when she glows athwart the gloaming in the slowly fading sky—fitting that the planet of love should seem lovely to the end."

That there exists a grave necessity for continued alertness on the part of those authorities whose duty it is to insure that the provisions of the Food Adulteration Acts are duly observed; is evident from some details contained in the report of Dr. Bostock Hill (analyst, of Birmingham) for the last quarter of 1896. The question of the effect of food-preservatives on the human body is still a vexed one, but I think the balance of evidence is tending to show that neither boric acid nor salicylic acid, commonly used for preserving foods, can be regarded as entirely innocuous in their effects. Dr. Hill tells us that not only cream, but German sausage, pork pies, pickled tongues, and jams were found to contain preservatives of the order just mentioned. In certain sweets paraffin wax was detected. I have heard it stated that salicylic acid is a preservative used in certain beef-preparations in common use. It would be interesting to discover whether or not the continued use of articles which contain salicylic acid is followed by injurious effects. Dr. Yeo, in his "Food in Health and Disease" (p. 295), says that "much discussion has taken place, especially on the Continent, as to the propriety of allowing salicylic acid to be used for the preservation of wine, beer, milk, fish, meat, fruit, and other food substances; and the decision has been almost universally against its use, as being distinctly injurious to the healthy organism." This is a very strong and direct statement, and one which it behoves us to reflect upon in connection with the presence of salicylic acid in foods revealed by Dr. Hill's analysis, and by the analyses of other chemists.

I observe that Mr. W. F. Lowe, of the Assay Office of Chester, has been engaged in a correspondence with Professor Herdman, of Liverpool, regarding a subject to which allusion was made some time ago in this column. I refer to the presence of copper in oysters. Mr. Lowe says that, as Dr. Herdman doubted the existence of copper in the molluscs, he examined certain oysters, and detected nearly two-thirds of a grain of the metal in one specimen. These oysters, Mr. Lowe says, had been obtained from the Mumbles, near Swansea. Some of them were light blue in colour, and others a dark olive-green. Copper was found in both varieties.

Mr. Lowe maintains that no doubt these cases were very exceptional in character, and were regarded as the cause of diarrhoea in those who consumed them. The colour, Mr. Lowe thinks, was due to the presence of the metal; for in those which were not coloured no copper could be detected. In one case the colour was well developed on the great adductor muscle, which closes the shell of the oyster.





LOVE'S MELODY.

*By A. Weatherstone.*



## LADIES' PAGE.

## DRESS.

I have just seen a new silk which strikes me as particularly ingenious in its manufacture. Being interwoven with a pattern of black grenadine, this has all the effect of grenadine lined with shot silk, and may be most successfully used to make frocks and capes for the matron or long pelisses for summer wear. It is a distinct novelty, and as such should be respected. I can picture it looking charming made up in the style of that cape sketched on this page, which exhibits some of the advantages of the coat,



A DAINTY CAPE.

Inasmuch as it fits tightly to the figure, the cape suggestiveness being supplied merely by the full sleeves, which hang in pleats from the shoulders beneath a deep yoke formed entirely of sequins edged with a kilted frill of chiffon, chiffon again forming the ruffle and the long ends which float out to windward. That same style can be well exploited in velvet; indeed, in grey velvet with motifs of éru lace and the yoke entirely formed of éru lace, I met its prototype at a wedding only the other day, when it was most pleasingly crowned with a large grey straw hat trimmed at one side with a flight of swallows, and at the other with a couple of rosettes of ribbon.

Birds and wings are putting in their appearance now on many of the spring hats, which are not to be entirely devoted to the display of many-coloured flowers. All the hats are trimmed at one side; it is extraordinary to notice with what unanimity this fashion is adopted. We are apt to be unanimous in our modes. Last year both sides were decorated alike, a rosette at the one, a rosette at the other, wings standing erect in the centre of these rosettes; or, again, the same outline was achieved by bunches of flowers. But now milliner matters are very one-sided in every way, for we do not wear our hats straight; even those with broad brims are tilted to one side. A charming black hat for mourning—always a difficult article to arrive at with success—I met in coarse straw, with a rather high crown trimmed with two scarves of black chiffon brought up to one side with a flight of black wings, which appeared to have but one head on their shoulders, this boasting a somewhat alarming expression—perhaps the responsibility of so many wings was weighing heavily upon it. A very pretty black hat I have also seen trimmed in the same style with blue and green wings at one side, and rosettes of blue and green shot ribbon were arranged round the base of the crown at the other side.

There is a new variety of Venetian cloth pleading for popularity just now. This has a thin line of colour set at about half-inch intervals each from the other. It looks well in those brownish greys which recall the tints of the pigeon's breast, with a stripe of blue or with a stripe of mauve; but on the whole I think the plain materials are the more attractive, always excepting shepherd's plaid, which is in high favour under every conceivable aspect. The covert coatings this year appear in lighter tones than heretofore. You can get them in a biscuit shade and in the palest dove grey, and delightful they are under either condition, the latter being trimmed with much success with conventional patterns of braiding interthreaded with fine lines of baby velvet ribbon of the same colour. Here is another novelty which must be respectfully chronicled as such. One of those light covert coatings make that dress sketched on this page, braided with five rows down the skirt pointing towards the front and higher at the back. This is outlined at the top and at the bottom with a row of the velvet ribbon worked in conventional design at the corners. The short bolero hangs out from the figure a little, and is trimmed at one side with a frill of Maltese lace, while the belt of the palest

shade of turquoise blue is twisted round the figure at the waist, a cravat of the same in a somewhat lighter tone finishing the neck. There is scarcely any colour of cloth in which such a style may not be successfully achieved, and if such a dress were wanted to do service, then could the velvet be replaced by a narrow braid, and the material chosen be of a dark hue. It would look very well in black with a cravat of colour, but the waistband of black; and, of course, dark blue offers itself persuasively, and, again, cedar brown, with the trimmings in black. The style may be cordially recommended.

Every day I observe we appreciate more the charms of the skirt kilted *à soleil*. This is now to be bought in cashmere, when it may be voted the ideal wear for a home afternoon gown; completed with a fanciful bodice of light silk with a corselet belt, it is delightful. I have seen it most becomingly worn in dark red with a bodice made of red and white silk checked, set into innumerable tucks and fastened down one side with double frills of red and white glacé silk, the red glacé silk being dragged corselet-fashion round the waist to fasten at the side with two erect ends and a couple of Parisian diamond buttons. Little checked silks will be very popular for blouses, and they lend themselves admirably to the ordinary shirt style of bodice and the always adorable completion of a stock and narrow linen collar. There is an attempt being made this year to induce us to bestow our affections once again on kilted and tucked muslin collars and cuffs, but of these more hereafter.

But let me not forget to mention my newest acquaintance—a capital little paper called *Ladies' Fashions*, just issued for the delight of the multitude at the always available price of one penny. It includes ever so many sketches of gowns worthy of being copied immediately, and also gives gratis a paper pattern, which should be a boon to the home dressmaker.

PAULINA PRY.

## NOTES.

It is evident that the Diamond Jubilee celebration will not be anything like so grand as was the fifty years' festival, but the long progress of the aged Sovereign through her capital is, after all, perhaps the most suitable form of celebration, as it allows of a far greater number of persons having a partial share in it than was provided by the impressive Abbey commemoration with a comparatively short street progress. Driving through the streets for so long a period in the midst of cheering crowds will doubtless be fatiguing enough to one so old as the Queen, yet it will be free from those touching, and, indeed, overpowering, allusions to the past, and those associations with the dead, that were so trying to the Queen at the fifty years' jubilee. Power of intense feeling, though well held in check by judgment and self-control, has been one of the sources of the Queen's personal influence, and in each of the many and varied functions in which I watched her take her royal part in 1887, there was never one in which the tears did not spring in her eyes when some passage in an address recalled to her suddenly the husband of her youth, or some other contrast between the past and the present. It is well that she should be saved from this emotional strain at the advanced age that she has now reached.

Madame Melba's many warm admirers will grieve to learn that she is ill in America, and that, after resting and taking medical treatment for some time, she has had to abandon the expectation of returning to fulfil her engagement with the Metropolitan Opera Company in Chicago.

A new function for a lady guardian is to act as matrimonial agent for persons over eighty years of age. A modest request to this effect has been addressed to a lady guardian of Hackney by a man of eighty-four. He says that, having been widowed, he would like to meet with a "suitable companion," whom he desires the lady to find for him. His notion of such is a woman young enough to be his daughter—between fifty and sixty years of age; but that does not seem to occur to him as unreasonable, for he has a high notion of his own attractiveness, and makes a long list of the qualifications needed to secure the prize, including "comeliness." "She must," he says, "be neat, clean, and comely, active and courteous, of a willing nature, and pleasant in conversation, educated or otherwise, no matter so long as she possesses a cheerful and contented mind, willing to spend her life with me."

Russia is, I believe, the only country where a maximum age-limit to marriage is put: a Russian may not marry after eighty. One is apt to suppose (when one is in the insolent heyday of youth—say about forty) that such laws must be works of supererogation: for what old great-grandpa over eighty could expect or wish to get married? But self-deception is marvellous, and especially so is that of men about their perennial attractiveness to the other sex! In the funny matrimonial agency case a few months ago, did we not hear an old farmer of sixty-seven tell counsel that he (the witness) really did believe himself as attractive to the ladies as ever? Now, we women are much better trained. Men in their literature and otherwise tell us so candidly, not to say brutally, that to a young man a woman over thirty-five is quite an aged person, that we do not (at any rate *openly*) flatter ourselves on the point. But men certainly want a rude awakening on this subject; they want somebody to tell them candidly that a man over forty seems as old to a girl in her teens as a woman of forty seems to a young man, and that it is as absurd or worse for a man of sixty to marry a woman in her bloom as the reverse performance is admitted to be.

But at what age does a woman really lose her personal attractiveness? The French and the English novelists differ in no point more absolutely than in this matter of opinion. The English male novelists are really preposterous on this subject, and display an incapacity for observing the facts of life that is amazing. One of Mr. Thomas Hardy's heroines dies outright of reflected shock

on seeing the horror of repulsion that is produced by the spectacle of her aged decay in her husband returned after an absence of some years—and she is about thirty-two or three. Another popular novelist carries on a conversation between his heroine and "the *passée* lady," this being the description he applies to a woman of twenty-seven! Balzac more truly said that a woman does not attain her full attractiveness of face and figure till thirty, and Guy de Maupassant even speaks of a woman a little past forty as at "that most dangerous period when all the charm of the person is about to dissolve under the hand of time." Certainly intellectual women can charm till late in life. George Eliot's marriage, when she was sixty, to a man just half her years, was distinctly what Mr. Goldwin Smith calls a woman who takes an interest in politics—an abnormality. But how interesting is the picture given by Mr. Clement Shorter in his "Charlotte Brönte and Her Circle" of the genuine passion aroused by that little lady when she was thirty-six! And there is no shadow of doubt that Madame de Stael was passionately loved by young De Rocca, whom she married when she was forty-four.

At the recent annual meeting of the New Hospital for Women, it was recorded that during the year no fewer than 12,921 women had been treated in the out-patients' department, and five hundred had been received into the hospital beds. All the physicians and surgeons are women, and only female students are allowed to attend. This London hospital, now grown so great and popular, was opened as a small dispensary just twenty-five years ago, when there were only half-a-dozen qualified women doctors in the country, and (owing to the then state of the law) only two of them were legally registered. The women doctors of Melbourne are just beginning a like enterprise in a similar modest way. They have also "lived down" the opposition at first raised to the appointment of female house-surgeons in the Melbourne Hospital. That office was traditionally the right for a year of the two students who passed the best final examination, but when, last year, the highest position in the examination was taken by two



A CHARMING COSTUME.

ladies, an unsuccessful attempt was made to refuse them the consequent advantage. The President of the Victoria Medical Society now bears witness that these two ladies "have been a decided success" in the hospital.—F. F.-M.

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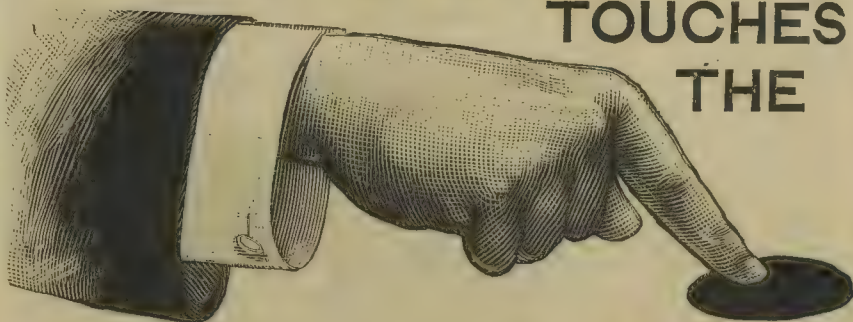
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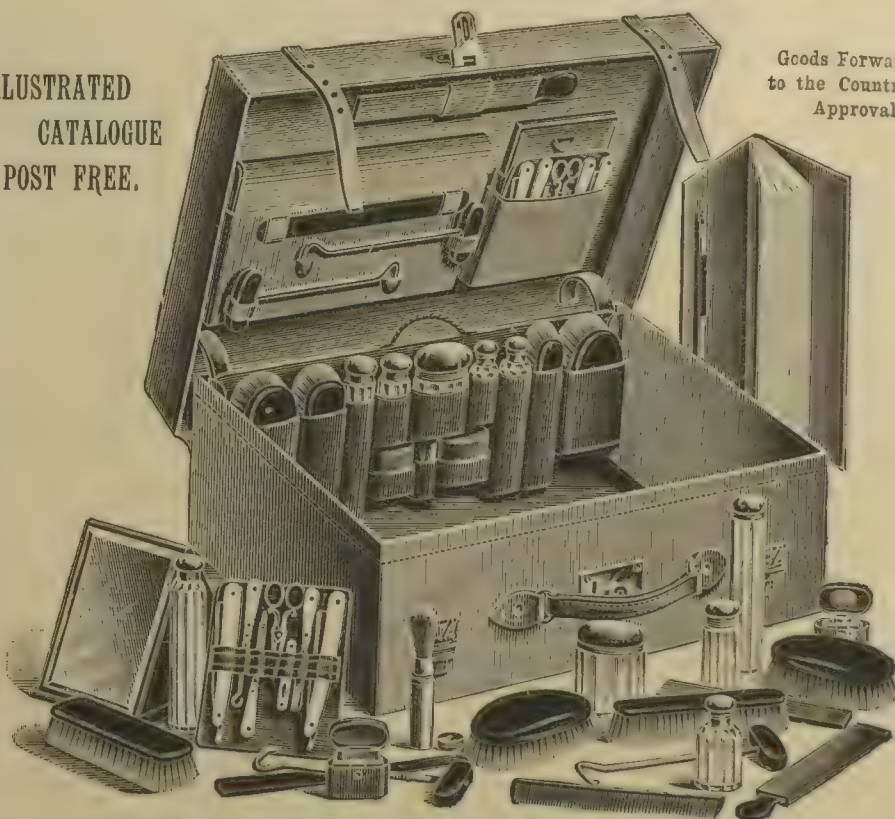
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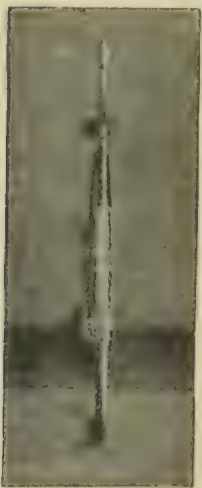


## A BOON TO CYCLISTS.

A very ingenious device to facilitate the housing and carriage of cycles which excited considerable attention at the Stanley Show was the Zenith folding cycle, of which we are able to give an illustration. The pedals fold inwards, and by the very act of so



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folding detach the chain-wheel from the crank, so that the machine can be wheeled without causing the folded pedals to revolve. The company claim that they hold a master patent for this contrivance, and if so it should be valuable. To bring the cycle within the narrowest limits the handle-bars can be turned up and the whole machine stored in a space about six inches wide. Those of us who have difficulty in housing several bicycles for family use will appreciate the advantage which such an arrangement must certainly prove to a great number of people. The railway companies also are bound to encourage the Zenith invention, for it will enable them to carry twice as many machines in one van as they are now able to do.

The enormous popularity of the cycle has lately been illustrated by stories of record achievements by cyclists in almost every quarter of the globe, but few of these have beaten the account of a New Zealand matron who carries her sixty years so lightly that she thinks nothing of riding one hundred miles in a day, and since she first became a cyclist has covered, in all, some five thousand miles. The exact period of this latter accomplishment is presumably of no great length, since the cycle has been a comparatively short time in vogue in New Zealand. South African cyclists are rejoicing over the heavy damages of £600 and costs awarded to Miss Orr in an action brought against the driver of a horse and cart by which she was run down and injured.

## CHIT-CHAT OF TRAVEL.

## III.—CONSTANTINOPLE.

For years past the very mention of the Dardanelles has suggested thoughts of a forced passage, the destruction of noble vessels, the boom of guns, and the shrieks of the dying. It was our good fortune to make the passage under happier circumstances, for it was a glorious Sunday morning when our yacht entered the straits; the air was peaceful, and we floated onward on a sea oiled to a silken smoothness. The low-lying hills on either side are dotted over with forts which have a formidable aspect, but we were assured in Constantinople that they are manned by recruits who have little experience and less ardour in a cause which has treated them so badly, and that therefore the danger is less serious than is supposed. At Chenak, in the narrowest point of the Dardanelles, we stopped to show our papers, and immediately afterwards service was held under the awning on deck. It was a curious experience to float down the Dardanelles singing hymns and chanting psalms, and the well-known words seemed to take an added impressiveness: "In His hands are all the corners of the earth." "The sea is His, and He made it; the strength of the hills is His also."

It was after midnight when we anchored outside the Golden Horn, and here, indeed, was an exciting experience, to take peeps at Constantinople through the port-holes as we dressed next morning, and to know that the city which was the subject of a world's conversation lay within a stone's throw! There was not much time wasted over our toilets that morning, and the first view from the deck exceeded all expectation. The city rises from the water on a steep slope, the cypress trees making delightful patches of green between the white buildings. The palace of the Sultan is seen on the heights of Pera, and the domes and minarets of a hundred mosques stand up against the sky.

While our passports were being collected we were gradually edging our way into the place assigned to us at the quay, just below the Galata Bridge, and near to the Ottoman Bank, where the last great massacre began. We were the first party of tourists who had visited the city for six months, and our arrival created some excitement. A barricade had been erected in front of our landing-place, and a crowd of Turks pressed against it and stared at us with curious eyes. We were prepared to detest them cordially, and to find that our dislike was returned with interest; but there was nothing unfriendly in the demeanour of the crowd, and we were assured by residents in Constantinople that the natives for the most part were in utter ignorance of the attitude of other nations

towards their own. From the open windows opposite a group of Jewish women gazed at us with bold black eyes. Had they leant their arms on the sill in the same attitude a few months before, to watch the terrible scene of carnage which raged its fiercest at their doors? As we asked the question, we felt one of those transitory spasms of nervousness with which we were visited from time to time, lest some sudden uprising were to take place during the days of our own visit. The Sultan was determined, however, that no harm should befall us. An aide-de-camp stepped on board as soon as we were moored to the quay, to assure us of protection; a patrol of policemen marched up and down before the yacht, and two guard-boats lay beside us on the water.

For three days we drove through the streets of Constantinople and met with nothing but courtesy on every hand. Turkish children are bewitching little creatures, which perhaps explains to some degree the very obvious devotion of their parents; and the young feminine beggar is the most beguiling member of her profession, as she casts languishing glances from long, dark eyes, and makes cooing little sounds of entreaty in a voice sweet as a bell. We saw several regiments of soldiers march along the streets: unkempt, ill-shod, often in literal rags, it would be difficult to imagine a more desperate-looking company. As an alternative to falling into their hands, the Bosphorus would be welcome indeed; at the same time, one could not help feeling some pity for their wretched condition, which must make the temptation of "loot" well-nigh irresistible. Later on, in Jerusalem, we met a Jewish girl who had recently returned from the school of the Scottish Mission in Constantinople, and heard from her lips a graphic description of the last Armenian massacre. She was a pretty girl, with all the Eastern eloquence of gesture, and she held her audience spellbound. . . . "One summer, when we are at the Mission, the children all go to stay in the country, and another summer we stay at home, and go picnics every week. This day we come home from a picnic, and when we reach the bridge one stops us, and says we may not pass. We say, 'Why?' and he says a very big man shall come along. Then all the children say, 'If a very big man comes along, we wish to stay to see him!' but the teacher says—'No! better go home.' So we go through all the narrow ways—narrow, narrow, till we come to a hole, and in it a dead man, and wounds and blood streaming from his head, and all the little ones begin to cry 'Mamma!' 'Papa!'—they are so frightened. And we go a little more, and there is a dead man lying, and again another, and some more—till we cannot pass, there are so many. Then we all begin to shriek and to scream, and the Turks get angry and say we must be quiet, no harm shall come to us, it is only the Armenians; and at last, in the crowd, we see a Scotch soldier! At once all the children run and cling round him; and he takes the littlest ones in his arms and we all keep round—close, close. So we go home. We are not frightened any more, for we know no one can touch the Scotch soldier with his"—if it were only possible to give the

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inimitable gesture with which she touched first her knees, then her head—"with his legs! and his cap! . . . And we have had Armenian servants in the house, and the poor things they have been standing all night in the cistern, and every time they hear a noise they stoop down so that the water goes over their heads."

There were several regulations which we were bound to respect during our stay in Constantinople. We were obliged to keep together in parties of not less than ten, to be on board for the evening before five o'clock, to photograph only with permission, and to refrain from discussing political questions. So far as we personally were concerned, only one incident happened during our stay to bring home to our minds the critical condition of the country. Our courier was taking a quiet stroll along the quay one evening after dusk when he found himself forcibly seized and carried off to the police station. He remonstrated loudly in half-a-dozen languages, and succeeded in gaining his point, which was to be brought at once before a magistrate. When this official understood that the prisoner before him belonged to the staff of the English yacht which had been specially commended to his care, his fury knew no bounds. He

rushed at the policeman, seized him by the collar, cuffed him soundly over the head; after which dignified proceeding the courier was escorted back to the ship, considerably shaken in nerve, and by no means anxious to repeat the experience. Constantinople is beautiful for situation, and picturesque beyond description, but in the present state of affairs it cannot be recommended as a good place wherein to indulge in moonlight strolls.

#### WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and codicil (both dated Jan. 24, 1894) of Mr. William Tipping, J.P., M.P. for Stockport 1868-74 and 1885-86, and for some time a director of the London and North-Western Railway, of Brasted Park, Kent, who died on Jan. 16, were proved on March 9 by William Fearon Tipping, the son, John Walker Ford and John Temple Ashwell Cooke, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £107,740. By his will the testator gives £1000, his jewels, wines, consumable stores, carriages and horses, the use of his furniture and effects at Brasted Park during the time she resides there, and on her ceasing to do so, she may select therefrom furniture, etc., to the

value of £1000, and such a sum as with that received under her marriage settlement and the will of father will make £2500 per annum, to his wife; £250, £12,000, £500 per annum during the life of Mrs. Tipping and plate to the value of £100 to his son Henry Soray Tipping; and £200 each to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son William Fearon Tipping. By his codicil he bequeaths £12,000 to his son Henry Soray Tipping.

Letters of administration, *pendente lite*, of the personal estate of Mr. John Lancaster, of the Shaftesbury Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, and of the Harpurhey Dye Works, Harpurhey, Manchester, who died on Nov. 12 at Blackpool, have been granted to James Alexander Carse, the value of the personal estate being £77,240.

The will (dated Nov. 20, 1884) of Mr. Frederick Davies, of 183, Adelaide Road, Haverstock Hill, who died on Feb. 1, was proved on March 5 by Mrs. Maria Lucy Davies, the widow, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate being £50,811. The testator gives £650 South-Western Railway Stock to Louisa Jane Ingersoll; £2000 India Three and a Half per Cents to his niece Amelia Augusta Marshall and his nephew Horton Tom Ingersoll;

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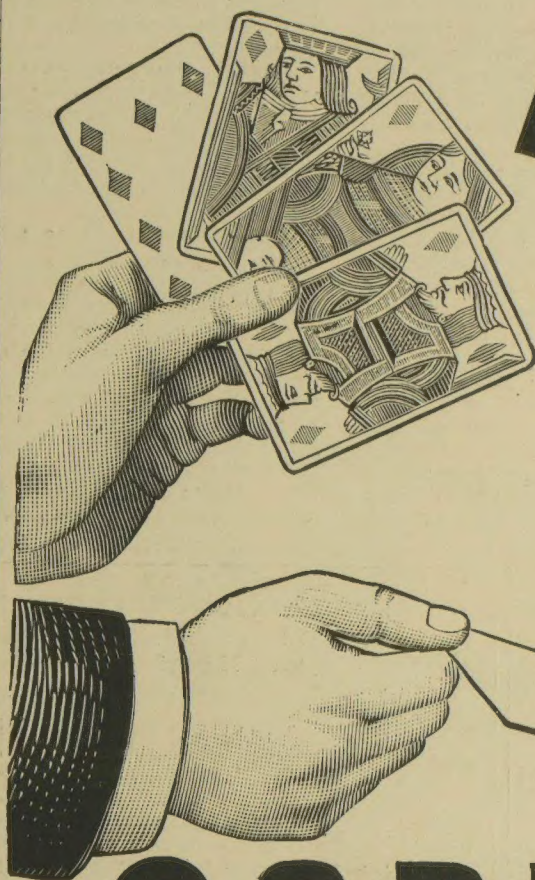
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The will (dated Feb. 3, 1893), with a codicil (dated May 31, 1895), of Mr. John Dockray Waterhouse, of 28, Holland Villas Road, Kensington, who died on Oct. 28, was proved on March 2 by Mrs. Ellen Waterhouse, the widow, Harold Waterhouse, and Robert Norris, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £44,381. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his wife for life and then to his children, and in default thereof to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated March 6, 1894) of Mr. Henry Beever, of Barnby Moor, Notts, who died on Nov. 21, was proved on Feb. 26 by John Grosvenor Beever, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £40,167. The testator gives £3000 to his friend Mary James; £300 to his niece Hannah Rose Beever; his three Crown Derby vases to his son, and the remainder of his china between

his son and daughter; and £4000 to his daughter Mrs. Elizabeth Ellison, he having already settled £7000 on her. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son.

The will (dated Aug. 26, 1888) of the Hon. Miss Anna Maria Mariquita Milles, of 40, Grosvenor Place, and of Middleton Hall, King's Lynn, Norfolk, who died on Dec. 21, was proved on March 3 by the Hon. Georgiana Grace Milles, the sister and executrix, the value of the personal estate being £43,019. The testatrix leaves all her real and personal estate to her said sister.

The will (dated Oct. 21, 1895) of Mr. John Noble, late General Manager and a director of the Midland Railway Company, of Littleover, Derby, who died on Nov. 15 last, has been proved in the Derby District Registry by William James Noble, the son, Samuel Clarke Noble, the brother, and John Pratt Young, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £35,725. The testator bequeaths £250 to his wife, Mrs. Marion Halls Noble; and £2000 equally between his daughters, Alice Rachel Noble, Edith Noble, and Elizabeth Treacher Noble. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his wife for life. At her death he leaves the centrepiece presented to him by the Midland Railway officers to his son Charles;

other plate presented to him by his railway friends to members of his family; and the ultimate residue of his property to be divided between all his children.

The will (dated June 28, 1894) of Mr. Rowland Jones-Bateman, of Otterburne Grange, Eastleigh, Southampton, who died on Dec. 16, was proved on March 3 by Rowland Nevitt Bennett and the Rev. Rowland Hill, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £30,051. The testator gives £200 and his furniture and outdoor effects to his wife; £50 each to his executors; and under the will of his sister Susan he appoints the income of a sum of £3700 to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then to his two children in equal shares.

The will (dated June 24, 1896) of Mr. Godfrey Brooks Broadhurst, of the Westminster Palace Hotel, Victoria Street, and formerly of Manchester, who died on Oct. 5, was proved on March 5 by Edward Tootal Broadhurst and Henry Brooks Broadhurst, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £26,874. Subject to legacies of £200 each to his executors, he leaves all his property to his wife, her executors, administrators, and assigns. He appoints the income of certain settled estates and investments to his wife, during widowhood, and then,

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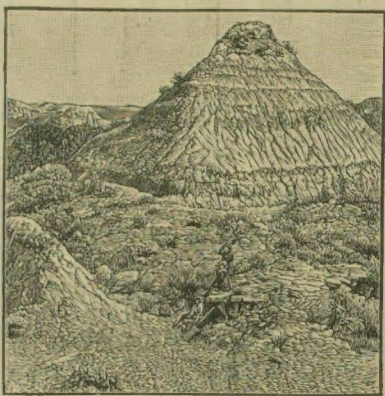
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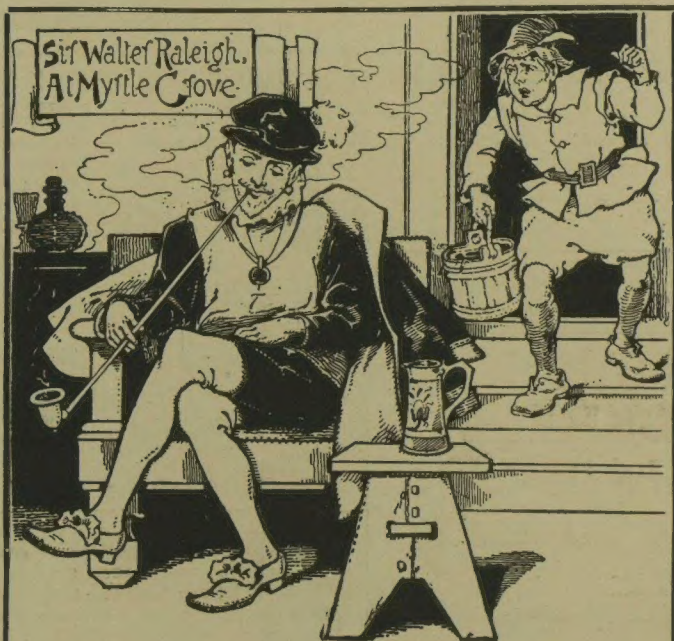
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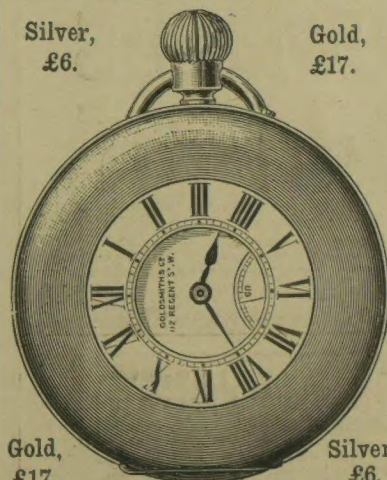
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in default of children, to his blood relatives according to the Statute for the distribution of intestates' effects.

The will (dated Dec. 11, 1891), with three codicils (dated March 25 and Dec. 19, 1892, and March 4, 1893), of Sir John Brown, J.P., of Nervion, Shortlands, Kent, and formerly of Endcliffe Hall, Sheffield, who died on Dec. 27, was proved on March 10 by John Devonshire Ellis and Charles Edmond Vickers, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £16,784. The testator gives all his share and interest in F. C. Barron and Co. to the dear friend of his wife, Mrs. Sarah Ann C. Barron, but such share is not to exceed £20,000; an annuity of £50 to his housekeeper, Ann Shaw, and at her death to her sister Mary, for her life; £250 to his butler; and the large

paintings of himself and wife to the Mayor and Corporation of Sheffield. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one half thereof to his nephews John Brown and Samuel Brown, the sons of his brother James Brown, and the other half to his nephews Arthur Brown, Wilson Henry Brown, and Roger Brown, the sons of his brother William Brown, and his nephew the Rev. Samuel J. Mower Webb, the son of his sister Mrs. Sarah Webb.

The will of Mr. George Holland Milford, of Woodbridge House, Stoke, near Guildford, who died on Dec. 12, was proved on March 1 by John Ponsford, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £13,147.

The will of the Rev. James Ind Welldon, of Kennington, Ashford, Surrey, and late Head Master of Tonbridge

School, who died on Dec. 25, was proved on March 5 by James Turner Welldon, the son, Dr. Charles Gage Brown, C.M.G., and Shuckborough Norris Risley, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £16,610.

The will of General Henry St. Clair Wilkins, of 77, Queen's Gate, South Kensington, who died on Dec. 15, was proved on Feb. 27 by Mrs. Eliza Violet Wilkins, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £11,960.

The will of Lady Anna Maria Helen Loftus, of 7, St. Katharine's, Regent's Park, daughter of the second Marquis of Ely, who died on Dec. 27, has been proved by Frederick Loftus Dashwood and Christopher Lethbridge, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £7283.

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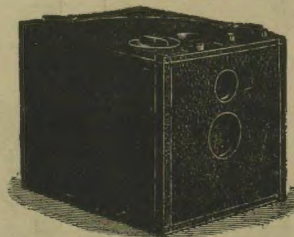
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